

The Outlook

MAY 24, 1916

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

Probably no week of this year has been so devoid of important military happening as that which ended on May 17. There is significance, however, in the fact that the Russian army which has been advancing from Erzerum has taken the town of Rowanduz, about eighty miles northeast of Mosul in Mesopotamia. Mosul itself (the ancient Nineveh) is on the Tigris about two hundred and twenty miles north of Bagdad. The Russian march upon Bagdad now appears to be from two directions, as another force is advancing down the Dijileh Valley from Persia. This double Russian drive toward Bagdad seems to be a good deal more than an attempt to protect the left flank of the Grand Duke's army, which is still fighting its way west from Trebizond, on the Black Sea. A minor activity is reported from Africa: German forces lately started an offensive against the British invading expedition under General Jan Smuts in German East Africa, but have been defeated with heavy loss. New activity by the Italians on the Trentino-Tyrol front is indicated by despatches from Rome saying that the Austrians have concentrated there three hundred thousand troops for defense and have abandoned their advanced positions before Rovereto in expectation of an immediate and serious attack. The Roman War Office states that the Italian attacks both in the Isonzo region and in the Trentino were made in order to prevent Austrian troops from being sent into action with the Germans at Verdun.

In Germany the retirement of Herr Delbrück, Secretary of the Interior, has excited much comment. The resignation is doubtless because of dissatisfaction with the present state of the food question. Berlin papers say that a strong hand is needed, and the irrepressible Maximilian Harden is quoted in Berlin despatches to the New York "Times" as suggesting that Admiral von Tirpitz be made "food dictator." Harden says:

The German people would find nothing hard if it were certain of its food for the morrow.

Here is a state of affairs where political and military common sense can and must work together in harmony. There is danger that we shall lose the war if the enemy really believes that hunger may slowly rob us of our strength, for, firm in this belief, he will postpone concluding peace. And why shouldn't the enemy believe what we in his place would believe? He needs only to read our official ordinances. . . . That we have necessary foodstuffs for our actual limited needs has frequently been stated from the highest official places. Knowingly false testimony here would be a thousand times worse crime than perjury at a murder trial. We must believe that we have enough, then finally take steps to secure a wise equal distribution.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT

A public trial for high treason is as dramatic and absorbing a spectacle as it is rare in history. Last week the trial of Sir Roger Casement and an Irish soldier named Bailey, who was captured with him, was held in London's Bow Street Police Court, famous in criminal annals. It was only in the nature of a preliminary hearing, but members of the English High Court of Justice sat with the magistrate, and the Crown presented its evidence far more completely than is customary in such hearings.

Both prisoners were committed for a jury trial before the High Court of Justice on the charge of high treason; both refused to make any statement or to call witnesses. Casement's line of defense has not been made public as we write, but it is expected that he will claim that he is not a traitor, but a revolutionist; that the few Irishmen enlisted by him in Germany (soldiers under the King, but prisoners in a German prison camp) were not to fight for Germany against Great Britain, but to be taken to Ireland, there to fight for Irish independence against England. Even this would, of course, put him in the same category with the leaders of the recent Irish revolt who were captured in arms and summarily executed, with the exception that, unlike them, he did not actually use violence.

The story as told in Bow Street and

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listened to by as large a crowd as could get into the court-room was clearly brought out and supported by various witnesses who heard Casement harangue the Irish prisoners in Germany, who saw the collapsible boat in which he landed, who found him hiding in an old fort, who took from him incriminating papers, who discovered arms scattered near the place of landing, who captured the Aud, a small German vessel under a Norwegian flag, and who saw that vessel sunk by her crew and took the crew prisoners, while a diver told of the arms the ship contained and identified specimens brought up from the deep. As to the promises made to the Irish prisoners in Germany, witnesses said that Casement, who described himself as the organizer of the Irish Volunteers, assured the prisoners that a German victory in the war would mean everything for Ireland; promised them that if they joined a brigade which he was trying to organize they would be sent to Berlin as the guests, instead of the prisoners, of the German Government; declared that if Germany won a naval victory he would have the Irish brigade landed in Ireland to free her from England; and promised each man, if Germany should lose the war, from £10 to £20 (\$50 to \$100) and a free passage to the United States.

NEGATIVE NEWS FROM MEXICO

The week's news from Mexico is of a negative nature. Foremost among the events of indecisive character was the discontinuation of the conferences between General Obregon, representing the Carranza Government, and General Scott and General Funston, representing the United States. After two weeks of what is called "palaver" on the border, the conferences adjourned with no palpable accomplishment, although despatches from Washington say that General Obregon and General Scott have reached a "gentleman's agreement" as to co-operation in the suppression of banditry. So far apart were the Mexican and American delegates in their view-points and demands on each other that nothing like a compromise in a signed and written agreement could be reached. The Mexicans made the promised withdrawal of the American forces in Mexico a condition precedent to all other discussions. The Americans refused to consider the evacuation of northern Mexico by our soldiers on any fixed

date, and so the conference was hopelessly deadlocked.

News from the two "punitive expeditions" is also mainly negative. It is true that a picked band of horsemen under Major George T. Langhorne by a quick, daring ride rounded up fourteen Mexican prisoners alleged to have taken part in the raid on Glen Springs, Texas. But latest reports indicate that the second punishing column, under Colonel Sibley, like the first and larger column under General Pershing, has reached the limit to which it dare penetrate Mexico in its present strength because of the thinness of communications with the border. Pershing's men are still concentrated near Namiquipa in a position of defense rather than pursuit; and as they have fallen back, bandits are reported to have killed Chinese merchants who had been friendly enough to sell their goods to the Americans. Whatever may be said about the position of our avenging columns in Mexico to-day, it is no longer possible to speak seriously of a "hunt" for Villa.

Beyond the reassuring reports of General Funston's disposition of the new forces of regulars and militia now at his command for border patrol, the pleasantest report of the week regarding Mexico relates to the attitude of the South American nations towards our Mexican problem. Newspaper correspondents close to the President in Washington report that the Administration has "learned unofficially from official sources" that in the event of armed intervention in Mexico by the United States we would have the moral support of the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. Opponents of intervention have often argued against it on the ground that intervention would cost us the sympathy of the South Americans. In regard to this The Outlook has frequently urged that it would be entirely practicable to have intervention in Mexico in which the United States would have the co-operation of the Argentine, Brazil, and Chile. Therefore it is now reassuring to hear from apparently "inspired" sources that in the event of intervention we would have at least the moral support of the principal nations of South America.

THE PREPAREDNESS PARADE

In the illustrated section of this week's Outlook there appears a picture of one of the most striking demonstrations of public opinion

which New York City has ever witnessed—the preparedness parade of May 13.

For twelve hours citizens of New York City passed in ceaseless review between the crowded sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The number in the parade was limited only by the capacity of the streets and the limits of the day. More than one hundred and twenty-five thousand marchers took part.

They bore no political banners.

They asked support of no political candidate.

They had no protest to make against the activities of any political party.

Each marcher carried over his shoulder an American flag. This was the sole symbol of loyalty which the organizers of the parade permitted or the participants desired.

Watching the ranks of these civilians, representing all occupations and kinds of men, the onlooker could not help regretting that, instead of marching up Fifth Avenue, this great preparedness parade could not have been sent up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, past the White House and past the halls of Congress. Perhaps an echo from the tramp of this army may yet make itself audible in Washington, but the time is growing short. Those Congressmen who may be inclined to dismiss the obvious lesson of this New York parade as a manifestation of local spirit may perhaps pay more attention to the similar demonstration to be given in Chicago, probably on June 10. Chicago expects to outdo New York, and, if it does, no one will be more pleased than those New Yorkers who evinced their own faith in preparedness by marching on May 13.

A RITUAL OF CITIZENSHIP

Secretary Lane, of the Interior Department, has long been an earnest advocate of the policy of making Indians citizens just as fast as they can exercise citizenship intelligently. When citizenship is bestowed, individual rights and responsibilities replace tribal allegiance and wardship to the Government. The transition is a solemn and important step for the Indian, and it should be marked with fitting ceremony. The American Indian has a natural liking for symbolism and ceremonial. Accordingly, the Secretary has devised what seems to us a remarkable and impressive ritual, used the other day when at Yankton, South Dakota, nearly two hundred

Sioux were made citizens and presented with individual patents to their allotted lands. The Sioux themselves, in an invitation to the Secretary to be present, said :

Thirty or forty years ago we were living in wigwams in our primitive ways, with the idea that the Government owed us a living, and therefore we had no thought for the morrow. But in recent years there have grown up, superseding the wigwam, fine dwelling-houses, and instead of our ponies being turned out on the prairies to graze we have fine barns with two or three work teams each, with lofts full of hay, cribs of corn, bins of wheat, coops of geese, ducks, and chickens, and where thirty or forty years ago were stretches of wild prairies now grow beautiful wavy fields of corn and wheat, the industry of us Indians. We have come to know that instead of the Government owing us a living the world owes us that living, and we have started out to collect it.

In opening the ritual Mr. Lane declared that the President had sent him “to speak a solemn and serious word to you, a word that means more to you than any other you have ever heard;” that the privilege of becoming free American citizens was to be “pointed out by symbol and by word, so that no man or woman shall not know its meaning.”

The entire “ritual” is notable for its sincerity and the charm of its symbolism. Each chosen Indian was called out by his “white” name, and asked to tell his Indian name. Then he was handed a bow and arrow and directed to shoot the arrow. After he did this, the Secretary said to him, calling him by his Indian name : “You have shot your last arrow. That means that you are no longer to live the life of an Indian. You are from this day forward to live the life of the white man. But you may keep that arrow; it will be to you a symbol of your noble race and of the pride you feel that you come from the first of all Americans.” Then, calling the Indian again by his “white” name, Secretary Lane said to him, “Take in your hand this plow.” As the Indian took the handle of the plow the Secretary said : “This act means that you have chosen to live the life of the white man—and the white man lives by work. From the earth we all must get our living, and the earth will not yield unless man pours upon it the sweat of his brow. Only by work do we gain a right to the land or to the enjoyment of life.” The Indian was then presented with a leather purse, a small flag,

and a golden-colored badge bearing the inscription, "A Citizen of the United States," and the Secretary impressively explained what each meant. Thus the purse means "that the money you gain from your labor must be wisely kept;" the flag ("the only flag you have ever had or ever will have"), that the Indian must give his hands, head, and heart to the doing of all that will make him a true American citizen. In the same way the Indian woman is handed a work-bag and a purse and told what are the ideals of the American family and home. The ceremony is repeated with each man and woman, and as it concludes the audience shouts its greeting to the new citizen, hailing him by his "white" name.

There are both romance and common sense in this ceremony. It is a token of notable advance in Indian life and of a new and fine attitude on the part of the Government toward the first Americans.

THE CASE AGAINST THE "PEYOTE"

For some time now the Indian Bureau has been alive to the danger that lurks in the little cactus known to botanists as *Anhalonium Lewinii*. It is the root of this plant that the Indians of the Southwest and Mexico have used as a narcotic drug in menacing quantity. In a recent article in the "Survey" Gertrude Seymour has carefully discussed the distribution of this noxious cactus and its effects upon those who have the "peyote" habit. Peyote is the Indian name for this cactus. Miss Seymour writes:

In Mexico peyote has been of commercial and medicinal importance since long before the Spaniards came, and was included in the Mexican Pharmacopœia till 1842. It is now used ceremonially and medicinally among practically all the tribes between the Rio Grande and the Pacific, and up to the Dakotas and even to Wisconsin—Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa, Comanche, Osage, Omaha, Kickapoo, Winnebago, and others. As one writer expressed it, "Peyote has become their religion and hearth-side, their physician and their corner drug-store—the preserver of their life." And this is literally true. This cactus they use in an extraordinary variety of cases as medicine; it has become the center of a religious cult for which its worshipers have earnestly fought and are still fighting; it is an article of some importance in commerce.

The Indians who have acquired an almost fanatic regard for this dangerous drug have

had to face the opposition of all those who have studied its effects upon its users. Legislators and officials in the Indian Department, doctors, matrons, superintendents, teachers, missionaries, and scientific experts have all condemned peyote. Concerning the power of the Government to control the use of this drug Miss Seymour writes:

For years the only statute upon which the Indian Office could depend was the law of 1897 concerning the sale of intoxicants among Indians. . . . A definite gain was made in 1915, when the Department of Agriculture secured the inclusion of peyote under the Food and Drugs Law. . . . Those who are nearest to Indian interest believe that an amendment of the Harrison Narcotic Law would do the work. . . . Such an amendment is now before Congress under the Thompson Bill, which adds peyote to the list of drugs brought within the Harrison Law. . . . A second bill, yet more drastic, has been introduced in the House by Congressman Gandy, of South Dakota. Congressman Gandy has seen with his own eyes the effects of peyote among the Indians of his own State and elsewhere; and in unmistakable terms his bill aims to "prohibit the traffic of peyote."

Miss Seymour sees in the peyote problem something more difficult to solve than the mere question of its prohibition. She quotes a distinguished anthropologist as saying:

You must see this thing in its proper background. It is a psychological condition, this peyote worship, like several other similar institutions of recent revival among the Indians. The real trouble is the deadly vacuity of their lives.

And here is her own conclusion:

The deep religious and idealistic nature of the Indian, his poetic impulse and æsthetic appreciation, cannot be satisfied with negations, cannot perhaps be industrialized, cannot find complete satisfaction in schools and manual training or instruction in agriculture. The wider education that shall provide for philosophy and æsthetic culture, as well as a religion—this, and not less, is involved in the problem of peyote.

This testimony as to the idealistic and imaginative quality of the Indian mind is common among those who have observed the Indian at close hand. It is even alleged that some Indians, for the sake of retaining their use of this drug, may be willing to give up valuable property rights which white men covet. Surely it is a sad commentary upon the white man's civilization that, while destroying the native beliefs of the Indian, the white man has no better substi-

tute to offer than the drugged vision of those who have succumbed to the lure of peyote.

HAMPTON, THE ANSWER TO A PROBLEM

On a May afternoon ten days ago in the huge gymnasium of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute rose the sound of one thousand voices, fresh, young, hopeful, singing one of the semi-humorous, semi-religious, but wholly delightful old Negro melodies. Bright Virginia sunshine and soft Virginia breezes came in through the open windows. The building was filled with a mixed assemblage of colored students, other colored people from all the neighboring villages dressed in their best clothes, the white people connected with the school, and two hundred odd visitors of greater or less distinction from the South, North, and West. The occasion of this gathering was the annual "Commencement" and the celebration of the laying of the corner-stone of the building that is to commemorate the great services of the late Robert C. Ogden to the cause of education generally and to Hampton especially.

It was in the South that the great tragic drama of American life was staged—the slave trade made possible by the ignorance, indifference, and cruelty of the people of both North and South, the terrible penalty for wrong-doing paid in blood by all sections of the country during the Civil War, the crushing burden laid on the impoverished and saddened South when the hordes of untrained Negroes, reckless and intoxicated with their new freedom, were suddenly turned loose on the society of their late owners. Here was a problem which had never been given to any other people to solve. How bravely, wisely, and unselfishly they have faced their difficulties, and how nearly they have solved their problem, in fifty short years, all the world knows.

Hampton is but one of many of these solutions, though perhaps the most interesting and conspicuous. This beautiful place—beautiful physically and in the spirit of unselfish and cheerful service which prevails there—is a stronghold of faith in the greatness of this country, and in the ability of its people to meet and overcome all dangers and difficulties which may beset it, and particularly faith in the promise of the Negro race. Though some of the race are lazy and unintelligent, thousands of them are making good, and from among themselves they have

found wise leaders. The young men and women who graduate from Hampton every year scatter all over the South, establishing schools in which they preach the gospel of thrift and industry; or they establish homes or settle on farms where they set an example of wise and successful living.

A LESSON IN BLACK FOR THE WHITES

The Negroes who are lucky enough to attend Hampton Institute or one of its off-spring, so to speak, are being better fitted for life than most of the white children in the North. The public school of the North does excellent service for the exceptional child—for the child who later goes to college or adopts as a means of livelihood one of the bookish professions; but the public school does not serve as it ought the able-bodied white boy who leaves school with no prospect but of digging ditches or driving a grocery wagon at two dollars a day for the rest of his life, or the nice girl who goes into the factory with little prospect of rising above a wage of six dollars a week, or who marries the two-dollar-a-day boy and becomes a hopeless slattern in a tumble-down house after the arrival of their first two unfortunate babies. Hampton graduates need never fear this fate.

At Hampton the students also learn things out of books—abstract things—but they learn to apply them to concrete life or work problems. Psychology is made practical by showing its applicability to understanding future employers, employees, pupils, or offspring; geometry is practically applied in the building trades; English, in the printing trades; chemistry, in cooking. For the girls the school has most wonderful classes for teaching thrift. The pupils are shown how to utilize all kinds of waste material—rags are woven into rugs (incidentally an eye for color is cultivated, as the choice of combinations is carefully supervised and criticised), really charming furniture is made out of old wooden boxes and packing-cases, strong and useful mats are made out of corn husks. The pupils are also taught how to make simple repairs about the house—how to set a pane of glass, to solder a leak, to recane chairs. Of course they learn dressmaking, cooking, the nutritional value of different kinds of food, its cost and its appetizing service.

The people who most need industrial and domestic training are not the ones who demand it. Typical of them is the mother

who, in foolish but genuine pride, declared that her son Link could "talk Latin like the Latiners." The mastery of this classic tongue, however, did not procure for "Link" a more remunerative job than that of day laborer. Another mother, the despair of the local charity society, when advised that if her daughter were trained for housework she might capably assist in cleaning up and taking care of a very filthy and completely disorganized household, replied that she did not want her daughter to know anything about housework; she wanted *her* daughter to have a career. This is understandable. The poorer classes and all women were long denied book learning. Book learning seems to these people a badge of superiority. They do not realize that it is the ability to make some practical use of book learning that constitutes whatever of superiority there may be. Perhaps only when the Negroes are excelling the whites in prosperity will the whites come to their senses.

For the woman who has the strength and talent to be a successful lawyer, doctor, teacher, or any other well-paid practitioner, society is learning to provide means by which she may become such. Neither all women nor all men need to turn to manual work for a livelihood or usefulness. A large majority of women, however, devote themselves to the care of the home, expending for it the money earned outside by their husbands; and a smaller majority of men must earn their living as hand-workers. Then why, in the name of common sense, should they not be taught to do well, economically, and easily what now so many of them do badly, expensively, and painfully?

We doubt if any white Commencement in the North or South will have this May or June the human interest or the striking exemplification of the vital principles of education which were characteristic of this black Commencement at Hampton. Are the white people of the North always going to rest content with an education which is inferior to that which many of the black people of the South are receiving?

CONVICT-BUILT ROADS NEAR DENVER

Not long ago the members of a Colorado convict road camp quit their work on a highway close to Denver and, without guards, attended a theatrical performance in town and then returned to their tents without

a man being reported missing. Warden Thomas J. Tynan, of the Colorado State Penitentiary, who is famous for his development of the honor system among convict road-builders, allowed the members of the camp to attend the theater merely to give an effective answer to the criticism of an Eastern penologist to the effect that it would not do to let prisoners go without guards close to a big city.

So many gangs of honor convicts have worked on the scenic highways about Denver that motorists from the Colorado capital no longer give the matter a second thought when they come upon one of "Tynan's road camps." A typical scene of this kind is shown in our picture section this week. Convict-built roads are to be found in the mountains in many localities adjoining Denver. Two roads to the newly created Rocky Mountain National Park are the work of honor convicts from the State penitentiary. These roads are still under construction, and will rank among the greatest scenic highways in the world when finished. One of them is the Fall River Road, which will bisect Rocky Mountain National Park from east to west. The work is all being done by convicts. For many miles the road has been blasted out of the solid rock. Only expert road-builders could put through such a gigantic task. The National Government and the State of Colorado are combining in bearing the expense of this highway through the National Park. Another convict-built road in this region is under construction up the canyon of the Cache la Poudre, connecting the town of Fort Collins with Rocky Mountain National Park.

Owing to the fact that road-building on the honor system has been in effect many years in Colorado, a majority of the convicts at the Cañon City penitentiary have become first class highway-builders. It is Warden Tynan's plan to give most of this work to the long-time men. He finds they are easier to deal with than the short-timers, and less likely to break their word.

The crowning feat of the Colorado convict road-builders was the construction of the most difficult part of the highway connecting Denver and that city's mountain parks. A few years ago Denver laid out a remarkable system of mountain parks. Denver itself is on the plains, fourteen miles from the most easterly foothills of the Rocky Mountains. But, owing to the coming of cheap transporta-

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

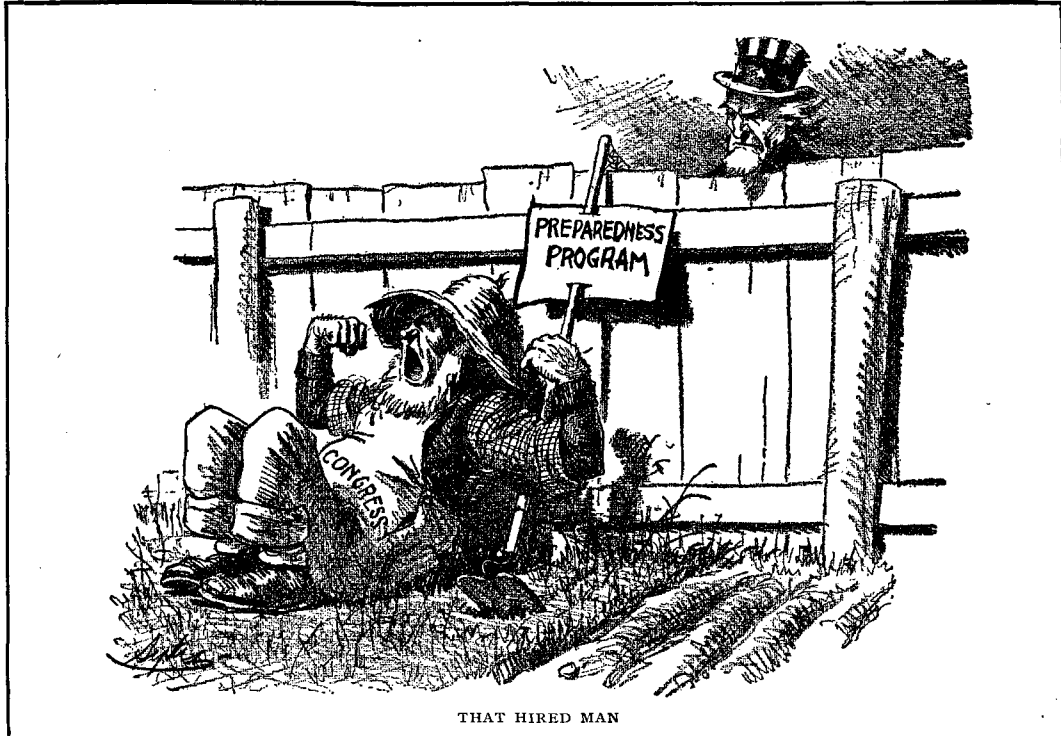
Rogers in the New York Herald



Kirby in the New York World



Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger



THE CARTOONISTS PICTURE CONGRESS AS OBSTRUCTING PREPAREDNESS

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Pease in the Newark Evening News



THE ROSE IS WELCOME, BUT WE DON'T WANT THE THORNS!

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF OUR DEPARTMENT OF STATE

From Le Rire (Paris)



HONNI SOIT LE MÂLE QUI PENSE

THE CENSOR AND HIS MOTTO

["Le Rire" changes the old saying, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (Evil be to him who evil thinks) to *Honni soit le mâle qui pense* (Evil be to the man who thinks).]

From the Montreal Daily Star



THE SPRING DRIVE IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE

NEWS FROM THE FRONT!

tion through the popularity of the automobile, Denver's builders realized that it was no longer necessary to confine municipal parks to the city limits. So the city reached out and bought two mountains, the farthest being nearly thirty miles from the edge of the town. To reach these mountain parks Denver was compelled to build a mountain highway which ranks as one of the great engineering feats of recent years. This highway ascends from the edge of the plains in a series of loops and twists until it reaches the top of the nearest municipal park, which is known as Lookout Mountain.

Much of the construction of this road was in solid rock. In many places the face of the mountain-side had to be blasted away to make room for the roadbed. Clearly this was a job for Colorado's convict road-builders. A big gang from the penitentiary was set at work drilling and blasting the snake-like trail up the eastern face of the Rockies. During the progress of this work not a man was hurt, and, what is more important, not a man broke his word and tried to escape.

Denver is, we are told, the first city to have a mountain park system, and also the first to make use of convict labor in the construction of a municipal highway. The results are comparable to the best that Switzerland can offer in the matter of mountain roads for purely scenic purposes.

A MÆCENAS OF MUSIC

Music in America has lost one of its finest friends by the death of Edward J. De Coppet. Mr. De Coppet was a banker and stockbroker, and to some persons was known only as the head of the banking firm of De Coppet & Doremus, of New York City. To most who had heard of him at all, however, he was known as the founder and patron of the Flonzaley Quartette, and to these his death at his home, with the strains of his favorite Beethoven Quartette No. 12 only just extinguished, must have seemed a fitting end. To only a few intimate friends is known anything like the full measure of the man's services to music and the arts.

Mr. De Coppet was born in New York City on May 28, 1855, of a Swiss father and an American mother. Like his father, he went into business in Wall Street, founding the firm of De Coppet & Doremus in 1891. He had always loved music, and when fortune came to him he began the definite patronage of the art and of musicians which

has earned him a just reputation as a Mæcenas of music. Many a musician remembers the appreciative audiences at the "musical nights" in the De Coppet home. The one thousandth of these nights was recently celebrated. Two years ago, at a dinner given to Mr. De Coppet at Sherry's, in New York City, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first musicale at the De Coppet home and the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Flonzaley Quartette were celebrated by two hundred lovers of music.

For many years Mr. De Coppet and his family have spent their summers at their villa on Lake Geneva, Switzerland. This villa was named after a little brook, Le Flonzaley, which runs through the place, and the Quartette took the same name. The Quartette was established for his private use to play chamber music for him. Later it began to give public performances, but until it became self-supporting he always made up the difference between its receipts and its expenditures.

Although a very wealthy man in his later years, Mr. De Coppet hated luxury and personal display, and he continued using the street cars long after most of his friends had bought automobiles. In a quiet way he came to the financial assistance of many young musicians and artists, not always getting from them the gratitude that should have been his. This did not deter him from continuing his efforts to aid others, and his amused comments on the ingratitude which he sometimes found were often very whimsical. His generosity did not end with art or artists, however. He was interested in many social reforms, and the list of his donations to charity will never be known, for he loved anonymity.

Typical of his interest in improving everything that he touched was his interest in ethics. An agnostic, he felt that a high ethical standard for human conduct was necessary, and for some time prior to his death he had been in consultation with leading American authorities on this subject in regard to the endowment of researches into pure ethics irrespective of theological dogma.

The most enduring characteristic of the man, and the trait that made him most valuable not only as a patron of the arts but as a citizen, was his never-ceasing demand for quality. His idea in founding the Flonzaley Quartette was to build up a musical organization in which the individual element would

be suppressed, and whose first aim would be the attainment of high merit as an organization. He did not believe that an orchestra should have any soloists, and it may be remembered that, in the first days of the Quartette, Adolfo Betti and Alfred Pochon alternated as first violin. Although he gave often and liberally, he had the strength of mind to refuse aid to things that he believed were not of the highest.

During the last few years every spring the Flonzaley Quartette, now self-supporting, was engaged by Mr. De Coppet to come to his home and go over new music for the oncoming season. Most men who hired a quartette would feel that they were not getting their money's worth unless they were given a pretty definitely fixed *quantity* of music. But it was characteristic of Mr. De Coppet's preference for quality over quantity that during those spring weeks of music at his home he always insisted that the members of the Quartette should rest when they pleased and play only when they pleased.

THE TRIO DE LUTÈCE

Because the community of moderate size cannot afford to pay for orchestral concerts, it must not think that it is deprived of the best in music. There would be no such dearth of concerts in American towns and villages as there is to-day if Americans generally realized the almost endless variety there is in chamber music. There is nothing in the whole literature of music that surpasses that written for three or four stringed instruments, with and without the pianoforte. Indeed, if the best music is that which most successfully endures the searching test of cultivated taste, then the best music in the world is available to those who have access to a competent string quartette. It is perhaps for this reason that chamber music is considered by many necessarily austere. There can be no greater mistake. On the contrary, chamber music has an almost limitless range. No concert, for example, could surpass in charm such a recital as that given on May 12 in New York by the Trio de Lutèce.

The three men who compose this Trio are natives of France, and for a while were residents of Paris. (A photograph of the Trio is reproduced in the picture section this week.)

It is from the French form of the old Roman name of Paris (Lutetia) that they have taken the name of their organization. Mr. George Barrère is well known, not only as a

distinguished flautist, but as the founder of the Barrère Ensemble, a well-known organization of wind instruments. Mr. Carlos Salzedo was for several years solo harpist at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and is a virtuoso of unquestioned eminence. He is also a pianist of rare skill as an accompanist, as he proved at the recital. Mr. Paul Kéfer was for several years the solo 'cellist in the New York Symphony Orchestra. These three men are masters of what is known as "ensemble playing"—an art not understood by every skilled instrumentalist, the art of playing in a group.

Naturally, these artists find most congenial for performance the works of French composers. Their recital of May 12 consisted predominantly of French music. A notable exception was the "Danse Espagnole No. 2," by Enrique Granados, the Spanish composer, recently a visitor to this country, who with his wife was drowned when the Sussex was sunk in the English Channel by a German submarine.

The soloist of the occasion was the American soprano Miss May Peterson, who sang with charm and distinction a group of French songs.

It was a German, the great Brahms, who gave counsel to a young composer that might well be taken as a characterization of French music. Brahms told the young man that he must work over each composition of his, lay it aside, take it up again, and revise it until it was perfect; if God gave him genius to make it beautiful, Brahms said, he should be thankful, but perfect it must be. This is the sound principle on which French composers have done their work, and God has given them, it would seem, genius to make their music beautiful, too. Whether it is Leclair of the early eighteenth century or Ravel of this year of grace, whether he works in the idiom of Bach, observing the intricate rules of strict counterpoint, or whether he writes with the freedom and the impressionistic temperament of Debussy, the French composer aims at perfection.

And it is with this same French devotion to perfection that the Trio de Lutèce plays. It is hardly necessary to add that the perfection they aim at includes grace, charm, and freedom.

To those who have never heard the combination of harp, 'cello, and flute a recital by the Trio de Lutèce opens a new source of musical pleasure and understanding.

AN AMERICAN SINGER AND A GERMAN COMPOSER

Two musicians, widely separate in almost every respect, but both of them of international fame, have just died. One was an American soprano whose musical career ended many years ago; the other, a comparatively young German composer whose career seemed to be at its zenith.

Clara Louise Kellogg was one of the earliest of that line of American opera singers who have been perhaps the chief source of any musical distinction that America may have. No American composer ranks with the best, or even, it may be said, with the second best of Europe; but no opera singers surpass the group of Americans who have been distinguished on the operatic stage, not only in this country, but in European cities. Clara Louise Kellogg was seventy-three years old when she died on May 13 at her home at New Hartford, Connecticut, where she had lived for twenty-nine years, since her marriage to the operatic manager Carl Strakosch. She was the first to sing the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" in this country, and the rôle of Senta in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." In those days opera was a struggling exotic, and music was regarded without any great seriousness by the great mass of the American people. Her success as a singer was one of the factors, unquestionably, in making Americans think about music as a serious art. She helped to popularize music in this country, and began at the lowest stage—namely, opera.

Max Reger, whose death was announced by the Leipsic "Tageblatt" on May 12, was regarded by many critics as one of the two most accomplished and individual composers of the present day in Germany. Richard Strauss, nearly ten years his elder, has made his greatest reputation by his operatic as well as orchestral works, while Reger's chief distinction has been his orchestral and chamber compositions. While Strauss has inclined toward descriptive music, by which he attempts to depict moods and even objective events in tone, Reger confined himself almost solely to what is known as absolute music. He is generally recognized as the greatest master of counterpoint of latter-day German composers. He was exceedingly fertile in composition. His "opus" numbers run up well over the hundred mark. It is only, however, as it reaches No. 90 that the list of his compositions records an orchestral work. He

experimented with dissonance, as have other German composers. Much of what he wrote, though technically astonishing, is lacking in that indefinable quality which makes music live. He was only forty-three years of age at the time of his death.

THE ETHICAL CULTURE MOVEMENT

The Society of Ethical Culture in New York City has been celebrating its fortieth anniversary. It is entitled to self-gratulation in its review of what it has done.

Forty years ago there were no institutional churches. The Society established the first public kindergarten in New York City; many persons were attracted to it, and it led the way to institutional development. It is natural, then, that a chief feature of the celebration last week should have been the exhibit of the work of the Ethical Culture School, not only in the study of ethics throughout the various grades, but also in music, science, art, shop-work, domestic science, manual training, plays, and games. An endowment fund of \$170,000, which is expected to be increased to \$200,000, was presented to Dr. Felix Adler, founder and head of the Society, to preserve and further the democratic features of the Ethical Culture School, the income of the fund being used to maintain free scholarships. Dr. Adler said in acknowledgment of this gift:

The main characteristic of the Ethical Culture School is that it is democratic. It attempts to combine the English and American ideas of a public school. The English "public school" is for the classes, while the American is chiefly for the masses. The rightly democratic school is one which employs the best methods that are or can be devised for the education of all.

At the same meeting—in the hall of the Society at No. 2 West Sixty-fourth Street—Mayor Mitchel also made an address, in which he said that the city at large was indebted to Dr. Adler, not only for "truly creative contributions" in the cause of education, but also for the work which Dr. Adler had accomplished toward the settlement of labor troubles in the city.

It is well to put the cause of education to the fore in speaking of what has been accomplished by the Ethical Culture movement, for we may be too apt to think of its Sunday meetings as so many protests against religion. This is not just. As Dr. Adler says, the name of the Society does not mean that its

members are "suppressed atheists" or that they are rationalists in the sense that Thomas Paine was a rationalist. They simply disregard the elements of authority and of traditional belief. While the moral insight enshrined in the Bible is, as he adds, an indispensable condition to further insight, they seek that further insight, and it can be obtained only from experience. Thus dogma gives place to ethics.

THE METHODISTS IN CONFERENCE

At Saratoga Springs, New York, there is in session a great religious assembly. It is the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In attendance are delegates from all over the world. In the streets and in the meetings are to be encountered bishops not only from various parts of the United States but from foreign countries, not a few of them missionary bishops from distant lands, such as China. Among the delegates are the so-called "fraternal delegates" from other denominations. Every country of Europe, we believe, is represented in that General Conference, with the exception of Germany; and Germany is unrepresented solely because of the war. There are something like a thousand delegates altogether.

The largest meetings are held in the great convention hall, which has held many important assemblages. This hall holds some five thousand people. It is crowded in the evenings and well filled on other occasions. The meetings devoted to certain subordinate subjects or under the direction of special committees are held in various churches.

This is not a gathering for mere talk or the mutual consultation and counsel of individuals, or even of churches; it is a legislative gathering with power. The results of these meetings will be seen in action.

Such a body as this, therefore, has a great deal to do. How complex and comprehensive this meeting is may be judged from the fact that the Conference itself publishes a daily newspaper, in which the daily proceedings are recorded.

Though in these proceedings there is much of necessary routine, some of them are of very distinct significance. For example, action will be taken with regard to the missionary work of the Church, which of course is meeting specially difficult problems in these days of almost world-wide war. Another

subject that has come up for consideration and action will be the question of what is known as the Discipline of the Church. That part of the Discipline which is in question has largely to do with amusements.

Another subject that has been under consideration is the liturgy of the Church. Although the Methodist is not generally regarded as a liturgical church in the sense in which the Protestant Episcopal Church is liturgical, it has a liturgy, and a plan for revision has been under consideration, and some revision will undoubtedly be adopted in the direction of simplification.

One of the most largely attended meetings of the Conference was that devoted to the Sunday-schools and to religious education.

Not the least important subject to come under the consideration of the General Conference for definite action was the proposal for union or co-operation between the Northern Methodist Church and the Methodist Church, South, and possibly also the Methodist Protestant body. A plan for such a union between these different branches of Methodism in America has been submitted in a report by a committee and accepted by the Conference with great enthusiasm. This, of course, is but the first step. The union cannot be consummated until the plan is drawn up in detail and adopted by the several church bodies involved.

We shall give some further account of this great Protestant gathering when definite action has been taken on some of these subjects.

UNREST IN CHINA

On May 16 at Tsinan, the capital of the province of Shantung, there occurred a more sinister conflict than had before taken place in the Chinese rebellion, which, beginning in the southern provinces, has now spread far to the north. Among those killed at Tsinan a number of armed Japanese were found. The Chinese Government immediately protested to the Japanese Minister at Peking against the participation of Japanese in the rebellion. The Minister replied that, while rowdy Japanese might be assisting the rebels, Japan could not control outlaws or prevent their using the former German railway zone.

The Chinese claim that from the former German base at Tsingtao, at the head of Kiaochau Bay, and Tsinan the rebels have captured a number of important towns, operating generally along the German railway. This railway is now controlled by

the Japanese. The Chinese Government troops were declared to be helpless, because, as alleged, Japanese troops prevented them from entering the railway zone but did not hinder the rebels from shipping arms, including field guns and ammunition, over the railway.

The rebels show little sign of yielding to any overtures from President Yuan Shi-kai, despite his abandonment of the effort to restore a monarchy. It is announced that two hundred and sixteen members of the National Assembly have unanimously adopted a resolution at Shanghai denouncing the President's mandate creating a new Cabinet. Moreover, they refuse to accept any solution of the political situation which includes him as President; indeed, they demand his impeachment for treason, in particular demanding that he explain unaccounted public funds alleged to aggregate a great sum. On May 17 it was announced that the rebels had elected Li Yuan-hung, the present Vice-President, as their President.

On the Government's part, the Cabinet above mentioned, with Tuan Chi-jui—generally reckoned a staunch republican—as Prime Minister, has issued a general statement declaring confidence in its ability to restore peace. What is of more importance is the statement that President Yuan has agreed to surrender all civil authority to the Cabinet.

SWINDLING THE CHARITABLE

"There are many kinds of graft, but the greatest of these is charity," is the parody on the eulogy of charity in 1 Corinthians xiii. which has been adopted by many American swindlers, particularly by those of New York City. Crooks are always looking for a new shield for their crookedness, and the organization of charity for the sufferers of the European war is the latest stalking-horse of the dishonest.

One old and favorite form of ruse is the "endless chain letter." Sometimes used for honest purposes, it is a nuisance at best, and has caused havoc in the hands of the unscrupulous. The method is easy. A clever band of scoundrels selects a person outwardly respectable but inwardly corrupt as an ally. This ally despatches a number of letters—the number may be five or five hundred, it matters little in the ultimate damage that is done—to a carefully selected mailing list. Each person on the mailing list is asked to donate a small sum—usually ten or twenty cents—to be forwarded to some remote address to relieve the needs of "a widowed

Frenchwoman with eight children" or "a British soldier blinded in the trenches." But the worst feature of the whole scheme is that each person on the original mailing list is asked to write five or ten letters, as the case may be, to five or ten of his friends, requesting each of them to give their mite to the supposedly deserving object of charity. Frequently it is hinted that for the receiver of one of these letters to "break the chain" will bring down a curse on his or her head. The beauty of this device for getting rich quick is that, while no one is asked for more than a mere pittance, if the chain is not broken long before the fifteenth round the fund raised is well into the millions.

Another more open way of getting rich at the expense of the kind-hearted is for a person to organize an entertainment "for charity" and then put the proceeds into his own pocket. Alderman Louis Wendel, Jr., of New York City, who has introduced an ordinance to stop this sort of swindling, declares that it has been common in the metropolis. Mr. Wendel cites the case of "one alleged society or association of men and women which had collected \$60,000 to relieve the sufferings of the English soldiers where not one cent of the money was sent to the proper parties."

Mr. Wendel's measure would require the licensing and bonding of the manager of every charity entertainment "not having been connected, for a period of at least three months immediately preceding the undertaking, with the regularly incorporated charity or charities for the benefit of which the entertainment is held." Such a manager of a charity entertainment must also file in advance with the Bureau of Licenses an estimate of his expenses, with a statement of the percentage of proceeds to be devoted to charity and the percentage to be retained by the manager. A similar statement as to the disposition of proceeds must appear on all advertisements, posters, programmes, invitations, and letters of appeal for funds. Finally, each manager must keep records of every entertainment for charity and file with the Bureau of Licenses within ten days after the entertainment a list of all his expenses and receipts.

This seems to us an excellent measure. It would be well if other cities, and indeed States, were to take similar precautions to protect their citizens. No form of swindling is more despicable than that which preys on the kindest impulses of the human heart.

PATRIOTS OR TORIES

Who were the men who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor? By descent they were British-Americans. Who were the men who signed the Declaration of Independence? British-Americans. Who were the farmers at Lexington and Concord? British-Americans. Who were Paul Revere, the Adamses, Washington, Nathan Hale? They were all British-Americans. Alexander Hamilton was not only a British-American—he was born on territory that is to this day British. When Great Britain played the rôle of tyrant, undertook to stamp out the spark of freedom and to be mistress of the world, imposing her peculiar brand of civilization upon others against their will, the men who withstood her were British-Americans.

In those days there were British-Americans who, out of sentimental love for the mother country or a mistaken sense of loyalty to tradition, defended the cause of tyranny, but they are forgotten to-day except as they are herded under one general term—Tories. The real British-Americans were those who denounced Great Britain, withstood her tyrannies, and finally fought her. These patriots were the true British-Americans of their day.

Now Germany has assumed the rôle that Great Britain then played. To-day Germany is espousing the cause of tyranny. Who should be the leaders in withstanding German tyranny, in imposing by voice and by might of arms the attempt by Germany to impose her special brand of civilization upon others? German-Americans.

Among the German-Americans—if we may so designate those Americans who are German by descent—there are patriots to-day as were the British-Americans John Hancock, Patrick Henry, and Benjamin Franklin in the day of British tyranny. We want to believe that these patriots are in the majority, as the British-American patriots were in the majority one hundred and forty years ago.

But they do not raise their voices. The other day a business man had occasion to seek the professional advice of a fellow-American of German origin. It was on one of those critical occasions when the diplomatic relations between this country and Germany were especially strained. Said this business man to his German-American friend, who he naturally thought was sympathetic with the Fatherland, "Do you think that there will

be a break with Germany?" And the professional man answered promptly, "*Mein Gott*, I hope so! They have drowned enough of our people already." There spoke the patriot. There must be many like him; but they do not speak so that they can be heard.

In 1776 there was no one so sensitive to British tyranny as the British-American. In 1916 there should be no one so sensitive to German tyranny as the German-American.

In 1776 the British-Americans furnished leaders who let Great Britain promptly know whether the great mass of British-Americans were patriots or not. In 1916 the German-Americans ought to be raising leaders to let Germany know who among the German-Americans are Tories and who are Patriots.

A CONGRESSIONAL SUPERSTITION

There is a curious superstition which has lurked behind most of the debates on preparedness in Congress. Perhaps this superstition can best be defined by algebraic comparison.

Let x equal the number of soldiers we need.

If we have x soldiers minus one corporal and two privates, we are in danger of seeing a hostile horde ravaging our coast towns within twenty-four hours.

If we have x soldiers plus one mule-driver and two sergeants, we are in danger of turning the Nation into an armed camp and of converting a country of peace-loving people into the dwelling-place of a host of ravening wolves.

Of course there is an irreducible minimum below which our military forces must not be permitted to fall. It can be said that there is no present danger of our military forces falling below this irreducible minimum unless they defy the law of gravitation and fall up. But this question of the size of our forces is, in the long run, a matter of secondary importance compared with the method of their organization and the attitude of our citizens towards the whole question of military service.

The first duty before the country is to free our professional army from civilian interference in regard to purely technical questions. To the trained officers of the regular army must be given the responsibility for determining the organization and equipment of our military forces. Army posts must be

located, not for the convenience of Congressmen, but for their utility as centers of mobilization and training.

The second duty before the country is to face the facts of our military establishment as it now is. As a Nation we must learn to distinguish between an army in being and the paper army of legislative fiat.

The third duty before the country is to awake to the realization of the fact that nothing less than universal military training can prove an adequate solution to our problem of defense.

The fourth and most important duty before the country is to decide once and for all that this universal training must be undertaken, not in return for pay, but as some slight compensation for the privileges of citizenship.

Concerning the recognition of these four duties we cannot recall a single instance where the advice and example of Congressman Hay, Chairman of the Military Committee of the House, has proved otherwise than a discouragement and a handicap to all those who are working both within and without the army for the progressive development of our system of National defense.

CONCERNING A REVIEWER

There is a man of our acquaintance who reviews books both for money and love. Of these two motives we have always felt that love played the larger part in the scheme of his philosophy. And we still think so, despite his melancholy denial of the soft impeachment.

Yesterday we found him seated behind a pile of books towering drunkenly from the margin of his desk. Perched on the top of this pile we noticed a small square box half full of dyspepsia tablets. As conscientious observers we record this fact for any bearing it may or may not have on what follows.

He had no cordial greeting for us when we entered his room. In fact, he seemed quite oblivious of our presence. His only salute, addressed more to the cobwebbed ceiling than to us, was a quotation from Dr. Faustus. But even then it did not sound wholly polite.

"Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books! Ah, Mephistophilis!"

Presently, however, his manner grew less distracted. His eyes rested upon the litter of clippings which lay scattered about his desk.

"Is there anything more futile than the reviewing of books?" he demanded. "Don't answer. There is not. I can prove it. Look at this. Here is a clipping from a newspaper whose chief pride is the respectability of its literary criticism. The man who wrote this is one of the best-known critics of modern verse in the country. Yet he drowns an excellent poet with this flood of praise: 'Miss B—— has greater imagination than any poet since Coleridge'—a large order, that! Here is another. It comes from a magazine that may be fittingly described as the self-appointed guardian of our American Muses. It deals with a writer who has for thirty years eaten his heart out in devotion to his work. 'Mr. R——,' it sweetly concedes, 'would be a better poet if he had loved more.' Loved more! The fire in R's little finger would scorch that reviewer's soul to a cinder!"

"But—" we began.

"Quite wrong," said our friend. "These are not exceptions to the rule. I have done just as stupid work myself. To be a reviewer of books is to be a palpable fraud, a slinger of sound and fury meaning less than nothing, a converter of epics into smart epigrams, an astronomer of the mind who has not yet learned that Ptolemy is dead."

"But—" we attempted to interject.

"Wrong again," said our friend. "The theory, as well as the practice, of all reviewers is wrong. All canons of criticism, as interpreted by every critic from Lessing to Babbitt, are founded on false ideals. What we reviewers pretend to do is to use certain magic formulas of art as standards by which to judge what we deign to read. What we really do is to find something we like or don't like, and then invent literary excuses for praising or damning it. I can fit you a critical code to any book as neatly as any merchant tailor in the world.

"Any reviewer who considers himself worth his salt (and a free copy of his victim's body) is permitted under our present laws to hitch what authors he will to his critical wagon and drive them, at a spanking trot, up the side of his own particular Parnassus. It ought to be stopped."

"What would you suggest?" we managed to inquire.

"When I get rich from the sale of my comment on matters about which I know less than nothing," said our reviewer friend, "I am going to establish a magazine for the reviewing of books which will suit me to the

queen's taste. On the desk of each member of my staff of reviewers will be posted this notice :

1. All reference to the canons of art is barred from this office.
2. No author shall, under any circumstances, ever be called a second somebody else.
3. No reviewer will be permitted to refer to any author, casually or otherwise, if he cannot produce a certificate sworn to before a notary public that he is familiar with at least fifty-one per cent of said author's writings.

4. All reviewers are expected to keep their reviews as closely as possible within the following form :

This is a novel.

I like it.

The following quotations interested me. . . .

It sells for \$1.50, f. o. b. New York.

Our reviewing friend here reached for his box of dyspepsia tablets. We decided to consider ourselves dismissed from his presence, and we left, pondering not too deeply over his words of wisdom.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

ON another page an illustration shows Bishop Greer and other prelates at the religious services in connection with the beginning of the work on the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CATHEDRAL

In a just-published monograph Mr. George Macculloch Miller calls attention to the fact that so long ago as 1828 Philip Hone, one-time Mayor of New York City, wrote in his diary :

The Bishop . . . called at my house and proposed in confidence the plan of a cathedral. . . . But where is the money, where the public spirit, where the liberality, to carry such a noble plan into execution? . . . I note in this place the conference above mentioned, as it is possible that this glorious project may, one of these days, be carried into effect, and I believe this is the first time it has ever been hinted.

Bishop Hobart's proposal to Mr. Hone may be considered the germ of the cathedral movement. But it did not develop into a form to attract general attention until forty-four years later, because of the curious antagonism in America towards cathedrals, their customs and equipment. Finally, however, Bishop Horatio Potter in 1872 concluded his address to the Diocesan Convention with the following questions :

Is there in the system of the Church in this country any legitimate place for a cathedral? Can it be anything more than nominal among us? Can it have any such important uses as will justify us in making so large an outlay as would be required to achieve anything worthy of the Diocese and of this great metropolis of the American continent? And if these questions can be clearly answered in the affirmative, then the further question claims consideration :

Has the time arrived for so very serious an undertaking?

His final question was answered in the affirmative. In the following year a cathedral charter was enacted, but difficulties resulting from the panic of 1873 prevented the obtaining of money for the cathedral. In 1886, however, Bishop Henry C. Potter inaugurated an active movement to raise funds. In 1887 the site on Morningside Heights was chosen, and by 1889 no less than sixty sets of competitive designs for the Cathedral were received from as many architects. Two years later those of Messrs. Heins & La Farge were chosen. They contemplated a structure having an area of 99,500 square feet, thus coming closely after St. Peter's at Rome and the Cathedrals of Seville and Milan, the largest cathedrals in the world.

On December 27, 1892, the corner-stone was laid. At the beginning of the work of excavation a great delay had been caused by disintegrating rock, which made it necessary to dig over seventy feet to find a solid foundation. It was at this juncture that the late J. P. Morgan subscribed half a million dollars, as he said, "to pull us out of a hole."

The architectural style agreed upon was the Romanesque. The material chosen is a cream-colored granite from Lake Mohegan, New York, while the interior facing is of Frontenac stone coming from a fifty-acre tract in the county of Pepin, Wisconsin, where the Cathedral has the exclusive right to quarry stone for fifty years. Among the earliest gifts were the great granite pillars, quarried, cut, and set in place by Mr. John Pierce from an island quarry near Vinal Haven, Maine. It is said that only one

structure, St. Isaac's Cathedral at Petrograd, has columns of similar size.

THE CATHEDRAL'S PROGRESS

In 1899 the crypt was finished and opened for religious services. In 1911 the choir and crossing were completed, the latter affording some thirteen hundred seats for the congregation. Of the temporary concrete walls the western one is to disappear when the nave extends beyond it, and those on the north and south will give way later to the transepts.

The Cathedral has seven Chapels of Tongues. They open into the ambulatory which surrounds the choir, and are appropriate in view of the polyglot character of the city's population. They represent seven different religious rites: the first, St. Saviour's Chapel, representing the Oriental rite; the second, St. Columba's, the early British rite; the third, St. Ambrose's, the Italian rite; the fourth, St. James's, the Mozarabic or Spanish rite; the fifth, St. Boniface's, the German rite; the sixth, dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, the Huguenot or Gallican rite; the seventh, dedicated to St. Ansgarius, the Scandinavian rite. Most of these chapels are in active use; for instance, the services in St. Ambrose's include the Holy Communion, with an address in Italian, every Sunday morning. It is, of course, expected to have a celebration of the communion in seven languages—a new Pentecost object-lesson.

The nave will mark, not only the largest extension of the Cathedral, but also a change in the general architectural style. Many persons had become convinced that a more specifically Gothic type of design would be wise for the remainder of the Cathedral, rather than to finish it, as planned, entirely in the Romanesque style. This was the opinion of advisory architects, who called attention to the fact that such a variation between one portion of a great cathedral and another is constantly found in all parts of Europe, due to natural changes in ideas and in architectural styles through the progress of time, and that this change does not really result in any effect of violence or of discrepancy, but generally adds to the vitality and interest of the building. It appeared to these architects that the same satisfactory result would be possible in the case of the New York City Cathedral. However, to obtain necessary unity, the present plans for the nave diverge materially from the historical methods of Gothic design.

OTHER BUILDINGS

But the Cathedral is not the only object of religious interest on Morningside Heights. The Cathedral property also includes certain buildings worth attention.

First, there is the new Synod House, one of the finest imitations of thirteenth-century French Gothic in this country. The design is of great simplicity, and depends entirely upon its proportions and light and shade for its effect. The Synod House is the administration headquarters, and also a place for the Diocesan Convention and other ecclesiastical assemblies. In a popular sense, however, the building has become a people's forum. Men of different creeds and of no creed at all can come together there. Its use is quite as much for social and civic as for religious betterment.

The Choir School, in English Collegiate Gothic, is another building deserving notice. The School was organized at first with Mr. Frank Hunter Potter as precentor, and may now be regarded as at the head of choir schools in this country. The Bishop's House and the Deanery are also interesting examples of architecture. Even more picturesque is the open-air pulpit which, covered by groined vaulting and surmounted by an open spire, rises to a height of forty feet.

HOW THE CATHEDRAL SERVES

The objects of the Cathedral are not confined to the particular part of New York City in which the Cathedral stands. For instance, its Fresh Air Association cares for the sick, the poor, the young, and the aged throughout the city, and especially ministers to the needs of mothers and children during the hot summer months. Every year it provides a fortnight's outing, at its home on a wooded hillside of thirty acres at Tomkins Cove on the Hudson, for over five hundred women, children, and babies; it also maintains a well-equipped boys' camp. Again, the Cathedral maintains an Italian mission in what is known as "Little Italy" in the city; it has a club for colored boys and another one for colored girls on the upper West Side.

The great new addition to the Cathedral grounds, the nave, will enduringly determine the architectural character of the Cathedral close, and will, when finished, impress the stranger with the fact that New York is something more than a mere commercial center, that it stands for spiritual as well as for material things.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA

VICTORY in Defeat"¹ is the title of a new book on the war which is different from the ordinary run of war books. Its author, Mr. Stanley Washburn, correspondent of the London "Times" with the Russian army from October 1, 1914, to November 1, 1915, has probably seen more of the fighting on the Russian front than any other American, with the possible exception of our recent military attaché to Russia, Lieutenant Sherman Miles, who shared Mr. Washburn's automobile during the Warsaw campaign.

It is true that a good deal of the book deals with military movements of which other correspondents have written, although none of them have had so much first-hand information as Mr. Washburn here presents. But what makes this book different is the philosophy and the spiritual insight that it contains. It is the chronicle of a nation finding itself. It is the story of the development of national character.

Mr. Washburn is different from other war correspondents in that he goes deeper. He sees what is going on in the soul of the soldier who, to the casual observer, is only a bloody, grimy animal, fighting with an animal's fury. The author of this volume has caught Russia's spirit with the quick sympathy of a poet, and he sees Russia's future with the clear vision of a prophet.

"There are many assets in war, as there are in peace," says Mr. Washburn, "and the greatest among these is character. Efficiency, preparation, and science have their innings at the beginning of a conflict, but the one enduring asset which a nation has is the character of its people. If time be given for this to develop, then the end is certain. The great crisis in Russia was during that period when the psychology of the nation was crystallizing, and when this had taken place the danger to Russia was largely passed. Certainly I would in no way minimize the strength, fortitude, and patriotism of the Germans, which have been extraordinary from the beginning of the war, but I am still of the opinion that the greatest test of character is not in victory, but in defeat. It has seemed to me that the world has not appreciated the fact that there can be victory in defeat; but this is none the less true,

when, as has happened in Russia, reverses have provided time in which the character of the nation has asserted itself and the Empire has been able to repair its lack of vision before the war by preparing itself after the blow has fallen. . . . I believe that the Russian reverses have been so costly and demoralizing to their victors that history will judge them as the greatest single source of the German downfall which is, in my opinion, inevitable, whether it be in six months or in two years."

There is a valuable chapter on America's commercial opportunity in Russia, pointing out that with Germany's commercial grip on Russia broken it should be easy for the United States to build up a vast trade with this country of 8,507,950 square miles and a population of more than 170,000,000.

It is encouraging to see that American business men are beginning to clutch at this opportunity which Mr. Washburn and other American experts on Russian affairs have long been urging them to seize. The farthest and most practicable step which has been taken in this direction has been the formation of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, with headquarters at 60 Broadway, New York City. Among the officers and directors of the organization are representatives of such large and influential firms and corporations as the National City Bank of New York, the New York Life Insurance Company, the Guaranty Trust Company, Chase National Bank, First National Bank, and Harris, Forbes & Co., all of New York; First National Bank of Boston; Lee, Higginson & Co. and Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston and New York.

So bitter is the feeling against Germany in Russia that if other nations see their chance and take it Germany will never recover her tremendous trade with the Czar's Empire, which before the war was greater than the trade of any other four nations combined. Russia wants our trade. Her statesmen have said so. The recent formation in Russia of organizations like the Society for Promoting Mutual Friendly Relations Between Russia and America and the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce, of Moscow and Petrograd, is incontrovertible proof. The first of the two above-mentioned organizations, which is headed by Baron Rosen, former Ambassador to the United States, came into existence last

¹ Victory in Defeat. By Stanley Washburn. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.

autumn "for the promotion of friendly relations—business and social—between Russia and the United States." With the above object, the society has been holding lectures in Petrograd on the United States, the programme ranging as widely as from "General Geography of America" to "The Mill and Factory Industry in the United States."

The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce of New York will co-operate with the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce of Moscow. Any corporation or individual with present or prospective connections in Russia can secure, through membership in the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, advantages which can be obtained in no other way. Such members will be able to get information in regard to the Russian markets and introductions to the business men of Muscovy. They will have access to the "complete library of information" on Russia which is being collected by the Chamber.

Such a commercial *entente* between Russia and America is bound to bring the two countries into a greater social intimacy. The first step to trade relations with Russia is the negotiation of a new trade treaty. But the consummation of that desired step will be made easier by the growing sympathy and

interest which Americans and Russians are feeling for each other. The apparent growth of liberalism in Russia, which is indicated by recent reports from the Czar's country, also ought to make the adoption of a treaty easier. Newspaper reports indicate that the session of the Duma, brought to a close at the Easter holidays, has done much to reduce the bad feeling which existed between the people and their Government early in the winter. It is reported that the Duma passed legislation which has already resulted in the great increase of Russia's transportation facilities by the construction of new side-tracks and switches. This report comes from the correspondents of American newspapers in Russia, and we have not yet received the Russian newspapers which may contain verification of it. But if this is true it ought to aid greatly in reducing the food shortage which the large cities have been facing. Another report has it that co-operative societies have been made legal on a much greater scale than ever before, a step that is expected to make for industrial efficiency and the lower cost of living. On the whole, there seems to be a more roseate flush rising over the Russian sky than has been visible in that quarter since the time of the reforms of 1905.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE LIGHT BREAKING OVER STAND-PAT INDIANA

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Mr. Davenport for the last week or two has been in the West, talking with all sorts of people, seeking to determine at first hand the currents of opinion, particularly in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, a section which recently has been giving the politicians as well as the advocates of National preparation some concern. The present article is upon the pivotal State of Indiana, which by its situation and tradition has in many campaigns been the center of despairing scrutiny by professional party managers.—THE EDITORS.

BACK in the East among the thoughtful, and in other more or less enlightened sections of the United States, dear old stand-pat Indiana has politically long been held in disesteem. And that is putting it mildly. To tell it as it is, Indiana has the reputation politically of being sodden, mediocre, deeply satisfied with things as they are provided they are bad enough. Some of its leading party managers, when they have not seemed to be unpatriotic and cunning, have certainly given the impression of being flat, insipid, and platitudinous. Indiana is

the original lair of the stand-patter in the United States.

I have several times before shot through the corner of the State on the way Farther West, going to sleep in the Pullman with the impression that I ought to be sure to tell the porter not to wake me up until I got over the boundary of the Hoosier commonwealth. But I have never had the opportunity of going somewhat leisurely through large sections of Indiana and getting in touch with all sorts of plain and prominent people until now.

I thought perhaps something might be

wrong with the folks in Indiana. But it is not so at all. They are great folks, as full of energy and intelligence and prosperity as any people you ever moved among. The State is teeming with something doing all the way from the steel mills of Gary in the north to French Lick in the south. There never was such economic joy in Indiana as there is now for farm and factory and faro table. There is economic profit and content from one end of the State to the other. That is where the present campaign has already caved in upon the older stand-pat Republican machine leadership. And this of itself has laid the silver trumpet of Jim Watson on the shelf—Jim Watson, Cannon's old Congressional whip, whom Providence seems to have designed as the opponent of Tom Taggart in one of the Senatorial contests in Indiana in November. In what was evidently intended to be a genuine spasm of virtue, Indiana Republicans the other day left Jim outside the breastworks in the primaries of his party. But one of the present Democratic incumbents, Senator Shively, suddenly died, and what with the overhanging furor of the organized group who had been for Watson in the primaries, the State Convention, meeting later, was constrained somewhat against its will to nominate Jim for the short term, and his name will go before the people in the general election. And as between Taggart and Watson, Republican Indiana represented itself to me as standing between the devil and the deep blue sea. But, worse yet, what is Jim Watson going to do and what is he going to say with the dinner-pail full and no analogy between the present hour and the "Democratic crime of 1893"?

In the speeches before the recent primaries, Jim and those of a similar stand-pat mind broke out in the old-time strain. But Republicans began to hurry to the State Central Committee, and in substance many entered the protest which one of the most intelligent of them assured me he had put up on the record: "Oh, thunder! can the contents of the full dinner-pail! The whole State is ringing with the sound of wheels and anvils and rolling in all kinds of prosperity. Those parrots have got to be called off!" And the following political couplet, now going the rounds, would have been *à se majesté* a few short years ago:

"W is for Watson, subsidy Jim,
He's for protection, sure, that's him."

Why stand-pat Indiana, when the folks are just plain, stalwart, forward-looking American folks such as you find everywhere else in the mighty West? Why corrupt city government? Why the unfortunate political reputation? Why Dudley and his "blocks of five"? Why "Barnum's mules"? Why the Keating-Watson machine of other days? Why Taggart? Why the pussy-footing and the platinizing of much of the best political leadership that Indiana has succeeded in bringing to the front? One reason is the same that you can give for this sort of thing elsewhere in the United States. Nobody cared much, being busy in the accumulation of economic profit and content. But here is another reason for Indiana. Politically the Hoosier commonwealth has always been a doubtful State and a pivotal State. Like New York, it has been prone to turn from one party to the other, but, unlike New York, it has usually turned by a small margin. Since 1872 neither party in Indiana has carried the State by more than 10,000 votes except three times. In 1896 McKinley carried it against free silver by 27,000. Four years later McKinley and Roosevelt and the enthusiasm of the Spanish War lifted the majority to 43,000. And in 1904 the personality of Roosevelt and the State pride in Fairbanks together pushed the high-water mark to 94,000 majority for the Republicans, while now, out of the Congressional delegation of fifteen in both houses, the Republicans have but two representatives. The State Government is Democratic from top to bottom, and the State Capitol is happy with the hum of industry of the Taggart machine. And Taggart himself is United States Senator.

In a close and pivotal State, under the existing party system, party harmony is heaven's first law, and the perfection of party machinery is the wisdom of the spheres. Caution, party cries, pliability, docility, exact organization under the military kind of control, are reckoned of far more value and are assumed to be far safer than courage, free discussion, and political advance. Ever since the Civil War party feeling has been intense and bitter, and organization more and more elaborate and unyielding. Very early pecuniary corruption crept in through the October elections. First it was Maine which voted in September, then Ohio and Indiana in October, and then the general election in November. And a pivotal State like Indiana was deluged with funds from the East in order to

influence the result in November. Indiana was debauched by the party managers of New York. This was the inner meaning of "Barnum's mules." Barnum was the Democratic Indiana manager in the Tilden campaign. When he needed an additional installment of funds, he wired on to financial headquarters that they should send him so many mules, which turned out to mean so many more thousands of dollars. And on the Republican side, in the Harrison campaign, Dudley wrote to the party managers in the East that he was prepared to divide the floaters into "blocks of five," and put them in charge of a trusted man with sufficient funds at the polls.

But Indiana to-day is by no means so given over to the Evil One as would be indicated by the recalling of these incidents, the recent disclosures at Terre Haute and the prosecutions at Indianapolis to the contrary notwithstanding. The Terre Haute scandal was an isolated Democratic case in a particularly bad community. It was not even a Taggart scandal. After Judge Anderson "got" Mayor Don Roberts and several score others in Terre Haute, some of the Republican politicians thought they would try Marion County and Indianapolis to see if they could get Taggart, but they didn't get him. Mayor Roberts was playing with the worst elements of the corrupt remnant of Progressives, Republicans, and Democrats. His Chief of Police was a Progressive, and through this man the levy was made upon the vice and capital of the city. The elections were corrupted, and Roberts announced himself as a candidate for Governor. About that time Judge Anderson got him. It was a single festering sore, a single symptom of a prolonged condition of political dry rot within the commonwealth. The cities, with their ancient and outgrown charters, have been worse than the State. The State has been on the whole pretty honestly, even if not very efficiently, governed. It must be said that the educational, the humanitarian, and the penal institutions of Indiana have been for many years free from politics and well administered. Politics in the State of recent years has been spoilsized but not commercialized to anything like the extent of some other States. Until Taggart it has been governed by a loose group rather than by a great boss with powerful moneyed interests behind it. The State was settled by small farmers. The railways were built in small sections. Until

recent days there have been no great controlling property interests. Now the brewery interest is the most powerful and Indiana is turning upon the liquor traffic.

Fairbanks is not a boss. He is an institution. He represents the quiet, harmonizing spirit which Indiana politics has believed it greatly needed at all times. He is the rallying figure for various elements which make up the political organization. Just because she is pivotal and thinking still in terms of the old order Indiana has been in the habit of regarding herself as more likely to get something if she remained quiet and steadfast and harmonious and stand-patitive. And that is what Indiana is after now. Politically, she is far more interested in National affairs and in provincially getting some distinguished honor for the commonwealth than in the advance of her own State Government. She believes that the policy of co-operation, of team work, will keep Indiana on the map. Marshall ran for President in competition with Wilson—he really expected to be Vice-President. He got it. Indiana is pivotal, and either party needs the State in its business. Cautious, political Indiana is entitled to be called the Mother of Vice-Presidents. There was Hancock and English—English was from Indiana. There was Grant and Colfax—Colfax was from Indiana. There was Roosevelt and Fairbanks—Fairbanks was from Indiana. And he is still from Indiana, and the political organization of which he is the titular head is making a very determined drive for him now for the Presidency. Or is it for the Vice-Presidency?

If the Vice-Presidency, then many stranger things have happened than the success of the strategy. The Republican party will sorely need Indiana in November. It must get back, not merely the Governorship and the Legislature, but pretty nearly the whole National representation in Congress—two Senators and thirteen Congressmen—all of whom were lost in the revolution in 1912, and only two of whom the party has succeeded in reclaiming. Illinois is normally and soundly Republican, and so is Ohio under fair conditions. But not Indiana, except by strenuous endeavor. Hughes and Fairbanks? Or Roosevelt and Fairbanks? Thus runs the mind of the thoughtful Indian as the time draws near to the rare days in June.

And that is the reason I am glad I came

to Indiana first in the Middle West. I think you can read the real controlling mind of the Republican rank and file better in Indiana than in Mr. Barnes's territory or on the Pacific coast. You can put the acid test to stand-pat Indiana and get a truer reaction than almost anywhere else.

Take Fairbanks. Of course you don't have to unless you want to. But what I mean is that Fairbanks is really typical of stand-patism, not only of the better sort in the political organization, but as it exists in the mind of a large section of the Republican masses. And that is the kind of a man who will probably, under present conditions, have to go on the National ticket if a pronounced liberal is named for the Presidency. Fairbanks has few enemies, is well liked in his State, has had a large public experience, was eight years United States Senator and four years a Vice-President, is conciliatory and, above all things, cautious. One of the representative men of Indianapolis told me again that legendary story which I have heard before of how Mr. Fairbanks was stopping at a hotel out in the sheep country. And in the morning at breakfast he sat at the table with another man who ventured to say, "It is a fine morning." And Fairbanks, after looking carefully out of the window and observing that the sun was shining brightly, replied, "It is." And a little later the other man further remarked, "Why, those seem to be sheep off towards the horizon." And Mr. Fairbanks took a little more time to examine closely, but finally admitted, "They are." And the other man said, "Why, those sheep are sheared!" And Mr. Fairbanks, after a much longer period of scrutiny than before, at last answered, "Well, they do appear to be sheared *on one side*." This story may be apocryphal, but it is unquestionably descriptive with a nicety of the supposedly eternal necessities of Indiana stand-pat politics. Normally, the vote of the State hangs by a hair. Any misstep may be fatal to the party, and it is best not to take any chance! Moreover, the Fairbanks temperament represents in an exaggerated form the point of view of many citizens of the United States who have grown in the habit of casting a Republican ballot. All the more for that reason the speech which the Indiana candidate for the Presidency delivered in Indianapolis a day or two ago is significant of the issue which is forcing itself upon the Republican party at Chicago. I have never read so strongly

out-and-out a speech from Mr. Fairbanks during his whole career. A powerful navy which shall command respect for our diplomacy, the guarantee of our own peace and of the protection of the lawful rights of American citizens, National safety to be preserved against all comers, firmness and certainty, a self-respecting and straightforward policy—if Indiana and Fairbanks thus speak, I can see what the National Republican Convention must say.

And my talks with many citizens of Indiana, the plain and the prominent, confirm me in the conviction that, even from the standpoint of the Middle West, nothing will do but a profoundly National declaration of the most positive sort, and that no candidate for the Presidency can possibly be put across by the Republican party who is not known to be a thoroughly positive character and one of the best of his kind. I shall have opportunity in my next letter to state an opinion as to how far it seems to me the Middle West is alive to the duties and dangers of the hour. There are multitudes of people who are not yet thinking at all. But more of them are thinking every day. And while they think cautiously out here of the present issue and are inclined to believe that the East is hysterical and that the dangers are overdrawn, nothing but genuine Americanism satisfies them when they wake up.

As I write this Saturday afternoon of the 13th of May, I read in an Associated Press despatch that the great citizen throng which in New York is marching up Fifth Avenue is forced to face a banner flung across the street bearing an inscription to the effect that 500,000 mine-workers and organized labor in America are opposed to what they are marching for. Day before yesterday in Indianapolis, in the National offices of the United Mine Workers, I talked with a man who probably knows as much about the inner thought of the rank and file of that organization as any man in America. He said to me: "It is the Socialist section of labor which has the wrong view of preparedness. To be sure, all labor wants to keep out of war and sincerely desires peace. The effect of war would be disastrous to labor unions, perhaps cutting their membership in two. And we think that the preparedness business is overdone. We want a strong navy and strong coast defenses, but not a large standing army. But we are Americans, and we are troubled about the Republic. We don't think things are going

right. There is not solidarity enough. Our labor unions, in developing co-operation and brotherhood among great masses of men of different races and nationalities, are doing something that the whole country needs to have done by a real government, and that cannot be done too soon."

I shall have something more to say later about the general attitude of the Middle West German, but one of them, a strongly Republican German from Cincinnati whom I fell in with in Indiana, and who bitterly denounced England, said to me when I asked him if the Germans would stand for a strong programme of preparedness in the Republican platform: "Why, of course; Germany was prepared; wasn't she?" "But," I said, "would the Ohio Germans stand for an attack on Germany in the Republican platform?" "Yes, they would, I think," he said, "if England were included. They are Americans. But they don't like to have Wilson, and they wouldn't like to have the Republicans, kowtow to the English. They don't like the way Wilson is willing to stand for the starving of the Germans. When a man's children are in danger, he will take any means, submarines or anything else, to avert it." He was for Hughes for President.

But the response was not always so clear and unequivocal. I have a record of other kinds in my note-book. In the smoker of the Pullman going into Indiana I talked with a leading representative of the warehouse industry who is brought into close touch with producers in the Middle West. "West of the Alleghanies," said he, "the people never were so contented. They are not cowards, and they will fight if they have to, and fight hard, and they are willing to be reasonably ready for it. But they have boys of their own, and they have sickened at the sight of this European blood-letting in the last eighteen months. Most of the danger of our getting into the war is the result of a stubborn commercialism. Why, a friend of mine in Cincinnati and his wife went down on the Lusitania. He was worth three-quarters of a million. He had nobody but himself and his wife. He was going across to get some of the European business. He didn't need it. I have had a chance to get some of it, too. But I don't want it. There is enough at home." My German friend mentioned above, with whom I fell in some days after, told me that the man just referred to, who with his wife went down on the Lusitania,

lived next door to him in Cincinnati, and had had seven separate warnings not to sail.

But in various parts of Indiana and the Middle West the fire is beginning to burn, and communities are beginning to be aroused. Americanism is not dead, but sleeping. I did not hear of a single community in which discussions favorable to National discipline and preparation have recently been held that had not been stirred to patriotic feeling and action. Roosevelt tore up Chicago by the roots. A man who was at the banquet of the Illinois Bar Association told me that the first fifteen or twenty minutes were cool and formal. And then, not the eloquence of Roosevelt, but the idea which he drove home with such power, got hold of the best brain and heart of Chicago. And it was a scene, he said, never to be forgotten.

Richmond, Indiana, is the seat of a Quaker college, Earlham, whose President is an active pacifist, and many leaders of public opinion are of the Quaker faith. At a meeting the other night to indorse the resolutions of the National Chamber of Commerce upon the subject of preparation, Timothy Nicholson, a prominent Quaker, characterized the whole programme as only a method of Prussianization. And he had strong support. But William Dudley Foulke and others called to remembrance our fate during the Civil War—that before the war closed Indiana alone sent between two and three hundred thousand volunteers to the field, that many thousands unnecessarily and miserably died, and that we had to prepare ourselves by a succession of defeats before we learned how to gain the victory. And Quaker Richmond voted two to one for National preparation.

The light is breaking over stand-pat Indiana. The most conclusive evidence of this that I found is in the beginnings of altered conduct on the part of the Fairbanks machine. The returning Progressives have been welcomed not only with generosity but with an appreciation of the valuable chastening which has been bestowed upon the Republican party by the revolution. One of the Big Four delegation to Chicago is a former chairman of the Progressives in the State. One of the two men who argued the Roosevelt cases before the National Committee in 1912, and who was one of the founders of the Progressive party, was the permanent chairman of the recent Republican State Convention. Former Progressive candidates appear on the Republican State ticket

this year, and all down the line through the local tickets. In point of fact, because of the stiffness of the old-line rank-and-file Republicans, who generally went out to the primaries in greater numbers than the recently returned Progressives, not so many of the leading Progressives appear on the final ticket as the Republican managers themselves greatly desired. There is no silly talk, such as you hear sometimes in the East, about the necessity of the Progressives returning through the back door. There is very little of the supercilious and arrogant or pinheaded attitude. The control of the Fairbanks machine itself is passing into the hands of young and more forward-looking men. This has been accomplished, not by ostentatiously repudiating the Bourbon element, but by quietly relegating it to the rear. The younger and more virile Republicans who stood by Taft, and the younger and more virile Progressives who stood by Roosevelt, are many of them working shoulder to shoulder in Indiana within the Republican organization. And all this has the cordial co-operation of Fairbanks and some others of the elder statesmen. Of course there is an immense amount of self-interest about it, because Indiana will never be Republican again except after an eighty or ninety per cent amalgamation of Republicans and Progressives. Indiana Republicanism was hard hit in 1912 and has so remained. But enlightened self-interest and the spirit of conciliation work wonders together. And the Indiana idea will have to be extended deep into the National conclave at Chicago and throughout the borders of Republicanism before anything like permanent party success is assured.

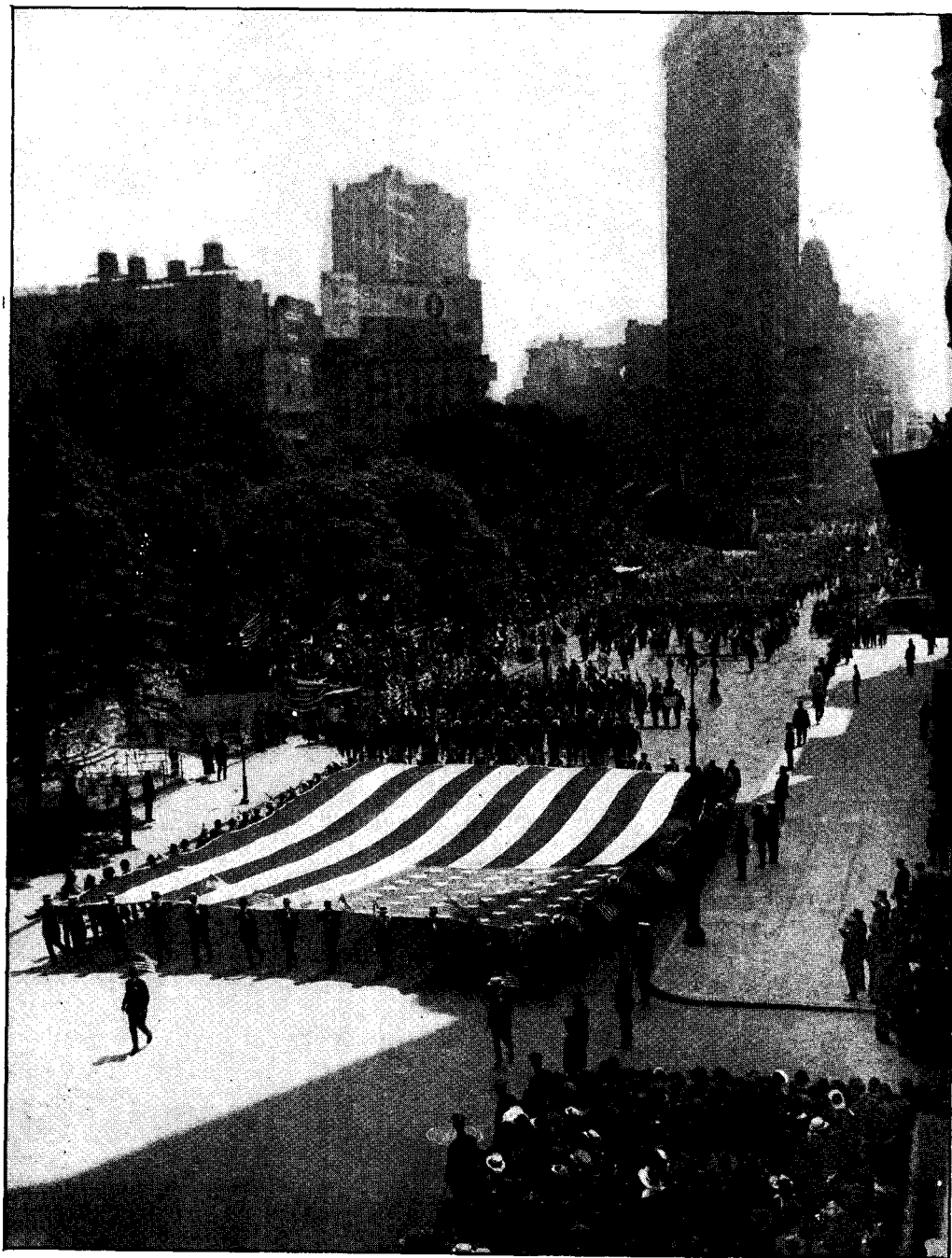
But the new idea has taken hold of Republican Indiana. The narrow arrogance of the Bourbon inner circle is much less prominent. The fine young chairman of the State Central Committee is sounding across the State the slogan that the right of participation in party affairs by the membership of the party shall be and remain equally sacred and sacredly equal. The leading Progressives are by no means all reconciled, and some of them are waiting for a little more evidence of real

return to the faith once delivered to Lincoln. But man after man of the younger Fairbanks organization assured me that the whole plan was necessarily as well as happily on the level. We are tired, said they, of the long-time prostitution of party government by the union of the Taggart element and the Bourbon Republican element. The old idea of the party control in the hands of a few, for the sole purpose of holding office and keeping up a perfunctory government with special privileges for the few, has maintained itself too long. I am using almost the exact language of more than one of them. Government, said these young men, is a social function as well as a recording and policing device. And it has got to be used more and more for the good of all the people and to make a real country. Roosevelt talked about it in 1912, and he is talking about it now. We know that some of our old stagers around here have been deficient in morality. We want government to be a vital force for the well-being of the country. We won't accept the term "social justice," because it has been through the mire, but that's what we mean. Roosevelt went at it with a bludgeon. Perhaps that was the only way to get it started. But we are going to see if we cannot work it out by a process of healing without spectacular methods. The last thing we want is a return of the old crowd and the old methods. But we need the element which is behind them in order to win, and so we are not needlessly antagonizing them. You cannot do anything without party organization, but all through the country the sentiment against a man's carrying a State to Chicago with him in his pocket is as strong as ever. Look at Penrose and his delegation—split in two. And New York and its delegation—split in two. And Massachusetts and its delegation—split in two. The Republicans of Indiana as well as in other parts of the country are not going to stand much longer for what they have stood for in the past.

But I shall have to let my Indiana friends make the rest of their speech to the Republican National Committee at Chicago.

Indianapolis, May 13, 1916

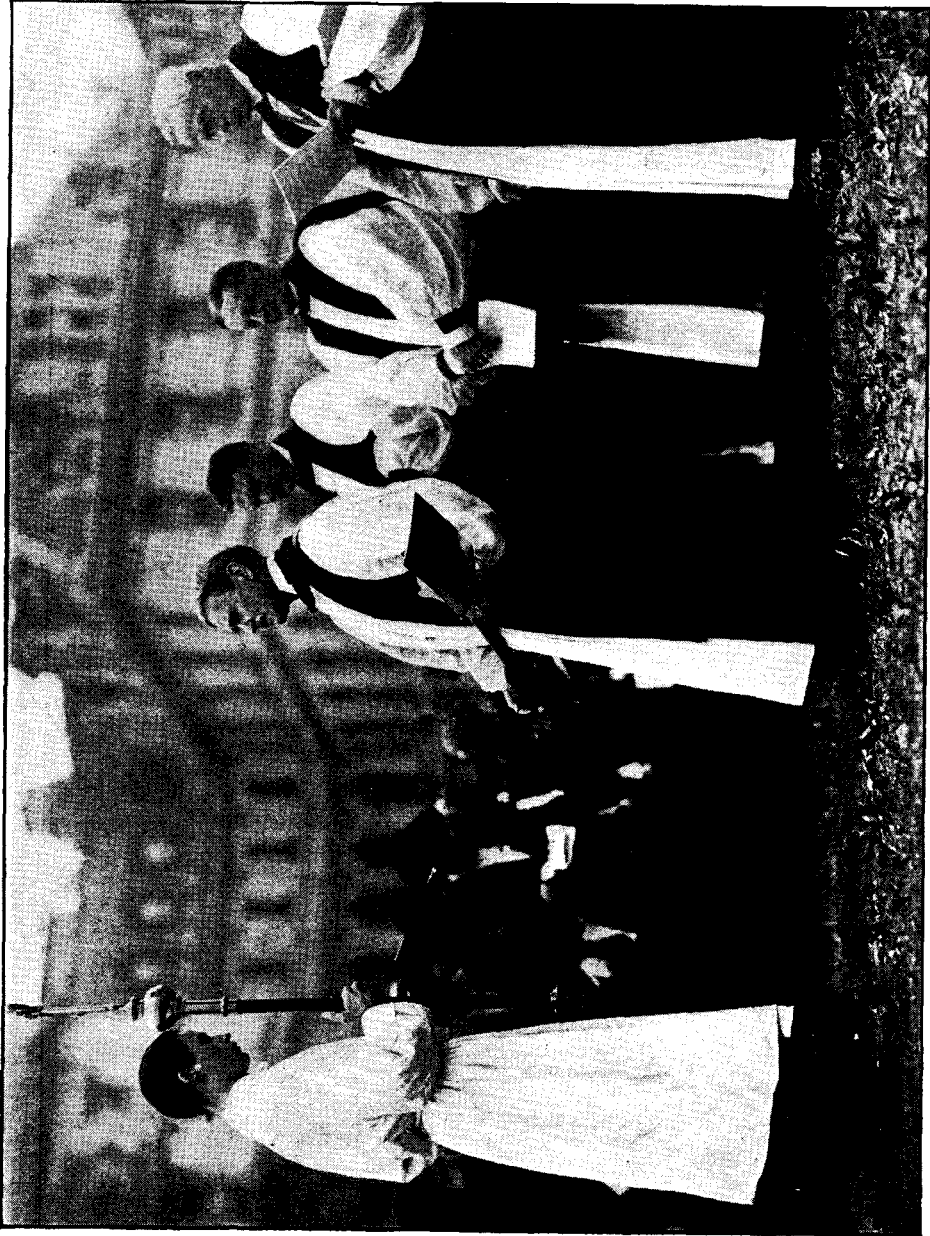
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE GREAT PREPAREDNESS PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY

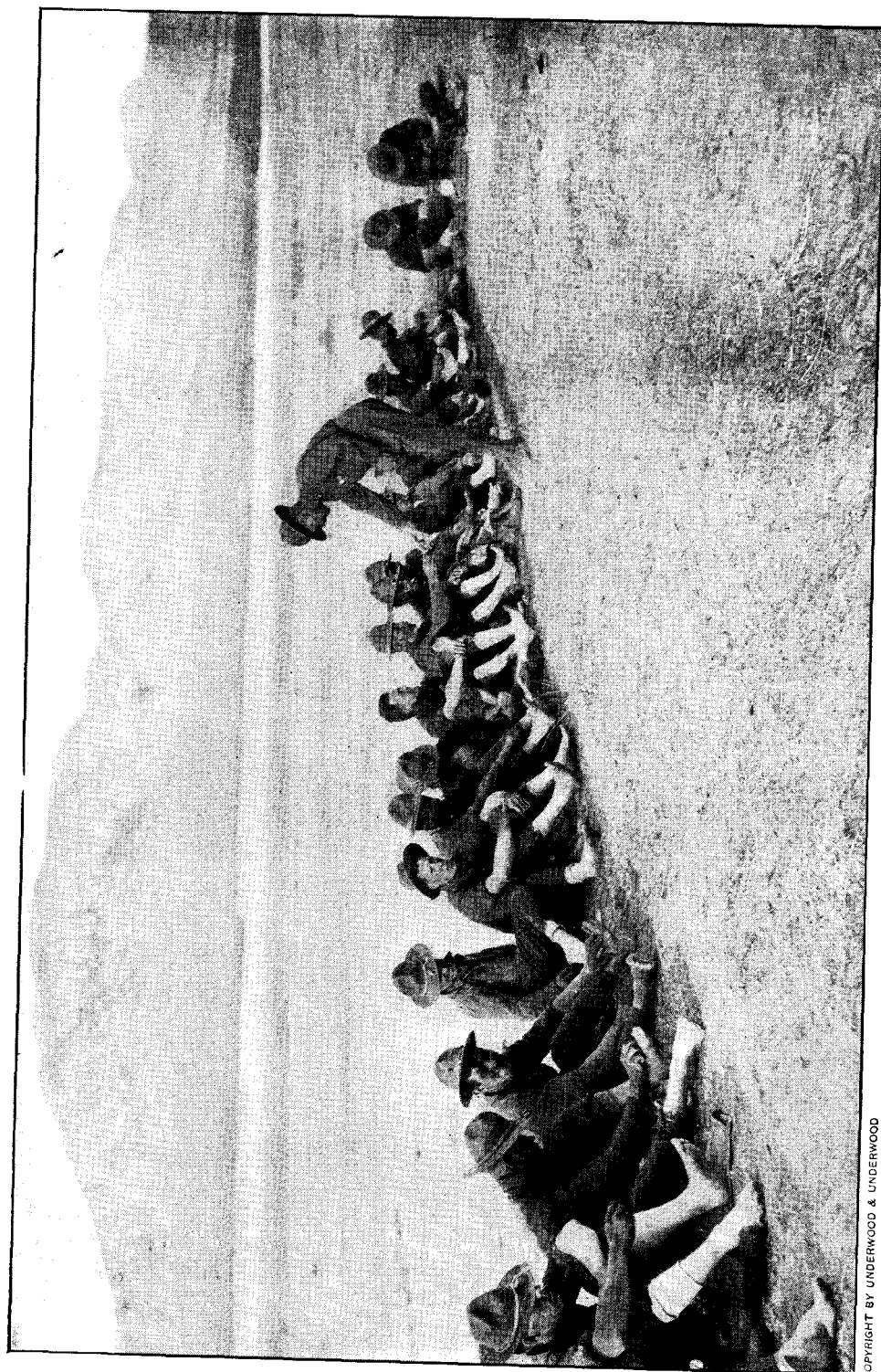
Saturday, May 13, was observed as a general holiday by most of the citizens and many of the business houses of New York, for the purpose either of participating in or seeing the great procession in favor of preparedness. For comment on the lesson of the parade see editorial pages



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

A NEW STAGE IN THE PROGRESS OF BUILDING A GREAT CATHEDRAL

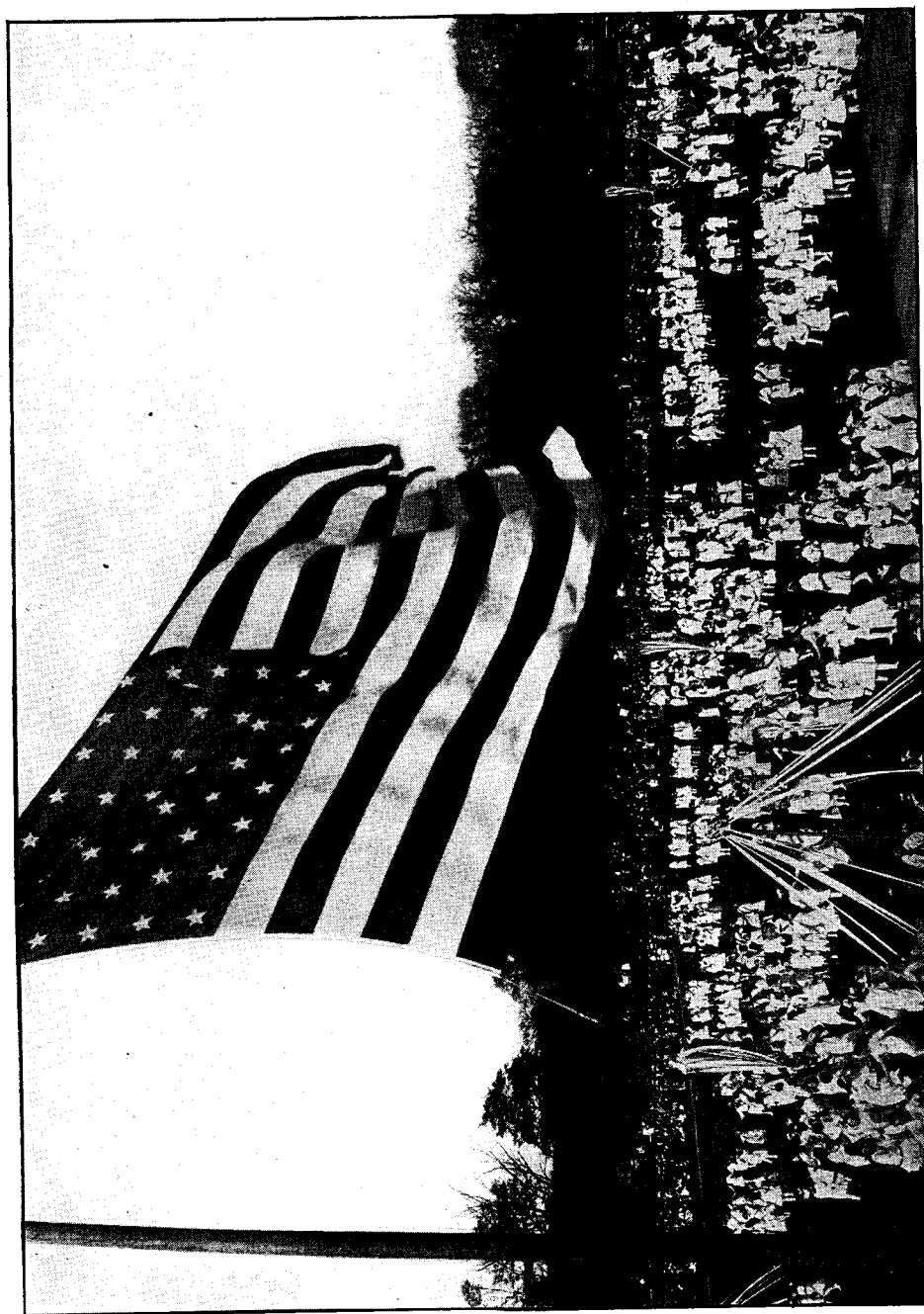
The picture shows the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop of New York, with spade in hand, ready to turn the first shovelful of earth for the foundation of the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Behind him, from left to right, are the Rt. Rev. Charles S. Burch, Suffragan Bishop of New York; the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts; and the Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, late Bishop of Nova Scotia, and now a rector in New York City. When completed, this great edifice, occupying one of the most commanding sites on Manhattan Island, will rank with some of the cathedrals of Europe



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AFTER AN ALL-DAY MARCH IN MEXICO

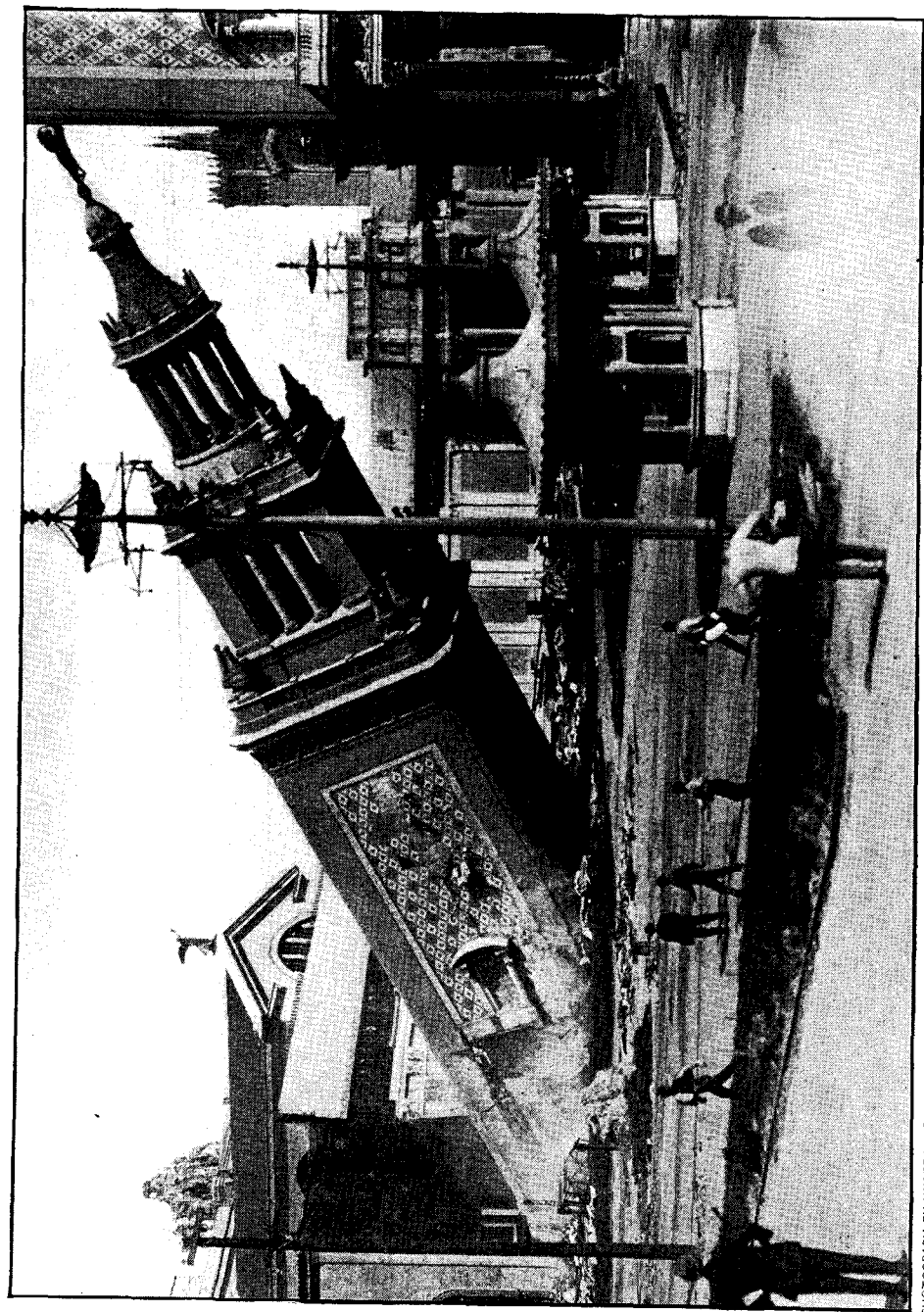
The care taken of the soldier on the march is graphically illustrated in the above picture. The medical officer makes a critical examination of the men's feet at the day's end to determine how they are standing through the severe test of walking through a broken country. If blisters or abrasions are found, the proper remedies are applied in a skillful manner, so that the men can resume their journey the next morning without being a handicap to their comrades.



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MAY DAY DANCES IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

Children who, like the ones shown above, learn to love the Stars and Stripes as a decorative accompaniment to their youthful festivities, may surely be relied upon as future citizens to "rally round the flag" when sterner occasions come



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

WRECKING A GREAT EXPOSITION—THE FALLING OF THE ITALIAN TOWER

The buildings of the San Francisco Exposition, while remarkable for their beauty, were only temporary, and had to be destroyed when their purpose had been served. A dramatic moment in the demolition of these structures is shown above



PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

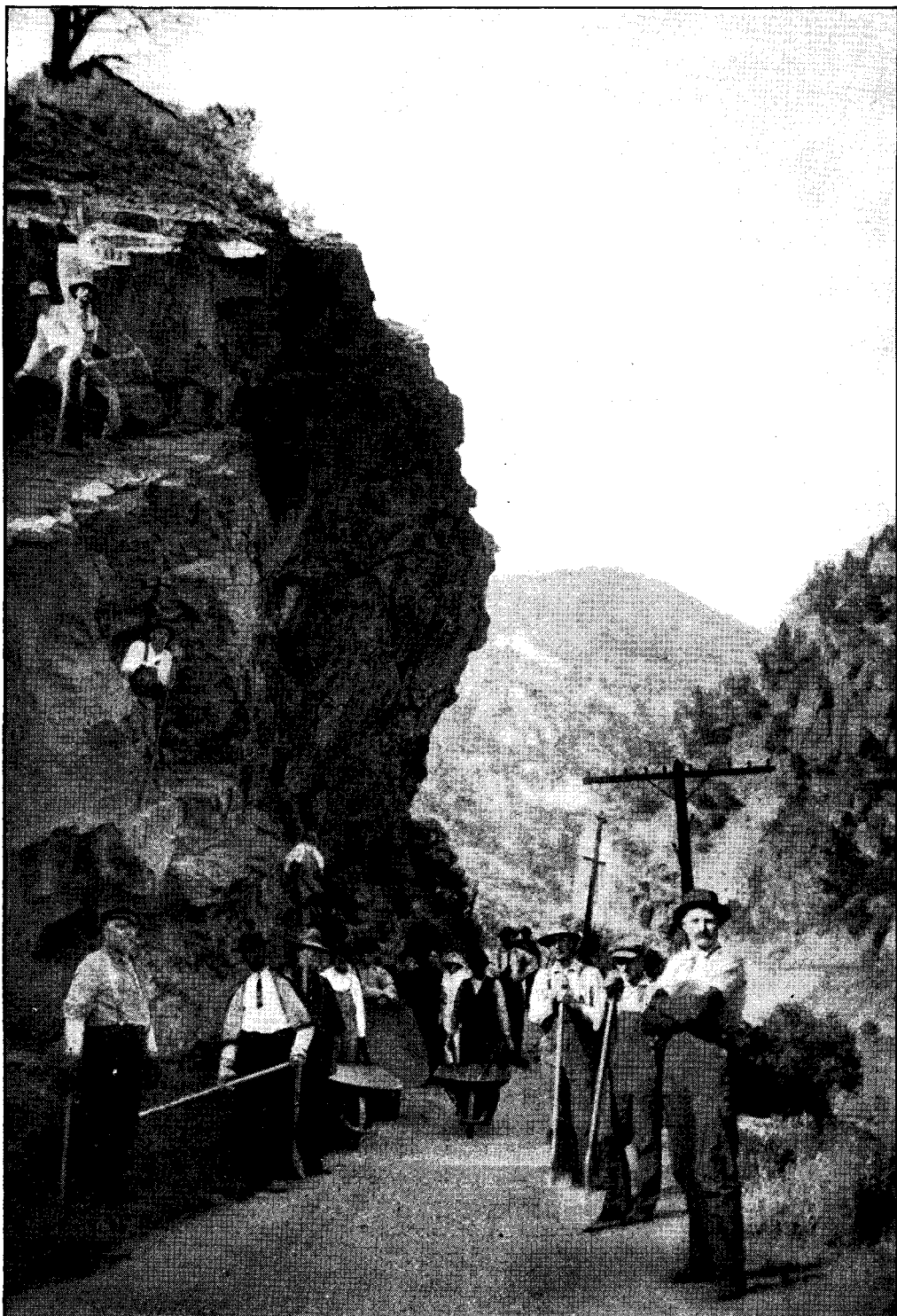
AN HONORED PHYSICIAN—DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI

Dr. Jacobi has just celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth. He said modestly to a reporter who congratulated him, "This is but the first day of another year. There is nothing about it that would interest anybody. I spent the day working as usual." His fellow-citizens of New York respectfully differ with Dr. Jacobi in his estimate of his career, which has been notable for its wide usefulness, its unremitting activity, and its far-reaching influence for good. Dr. Jacobi was born in Westphalia on May 6, 1830, and came to New York in 1853. He is the author of many books and is an authority on children's diseases.



A NOTABLE COMPANY OF MUSICIANS—THE TRIO DE LUTÈCE

The Trio de Lutèce takes its name from the city of its origin—Paris, known to the Romans as Lutetia, or, in its French form, Lutèce. It consists of an unusual combination of instrumentalists. All three men are natives of France: George Barrère, flautist; Carlos Salzedo, harpist; Paul Kéfer, 'cellist. For a critical estimate of the work of this trio see editorial pages



"HONOR CONVICTS" BUILDING ROADS IN COLORADO

See editorial pages for description of the Colorado honor system

THE NEW ADIRONDACKS

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

A MOMENTOUS change has come over the great playground which a tumble of mountains and laggard administrations have reserved, after a fashion, for the public in northern New York. The Adirondack Mountains are taking a new hold on the imagination of a swift-footed people. What was formerly the place where lover went with much toil to tryst with nature is now the picnic ground of the lover and all his family, including the baby swinging in a hammock under the balsams.

There are four thousand square miles of this Adirondack playground. Perhaps three-fourths of it is open to the public, and all of it is available in case of pressing need. There are thousands of miles of trails, hundreds of miles of highways, scores of miles of railways, which cover this rough wooded land with a system for wandering around. Every lake and pond is reached by at least a blazed trail, and there are few mountains up which a "best way" has not been traced.

In the old days—back in the '80s, for example—here and there was an eruption of "summer boarder" business. Much of this summer boarder business was a kind of hang-over from the Civil War. In Civil War times many a little cabin deep in the green timber wilderness held some citizens who were not there for their health. They were there to escape the draft. One of the most noted of Adirondack resorts began when a young guide living in a shanty beside a lake far from "anywhere" established himself with fugitives from National duty by boarding them and telling them where to fish and hunt.

Wolves ranged the deep woods till the '70s; venison was openly peddled in the outlying villages; skin-hunters slew deer by the hundred every summer and autumn; a million acres of the heart of the mountains was sold every five years or so for "back taxes," and the bidders who speculated in these lands would sometimes find return of their money by logging operations.

Fulton Chain, Saranac Lakes, Keene Valley, and two or three other places were the center of Adirondack summer resort interests. These places were visited by men who calculated that the meat they carried out green or jerked would pay the expenses of their outings.

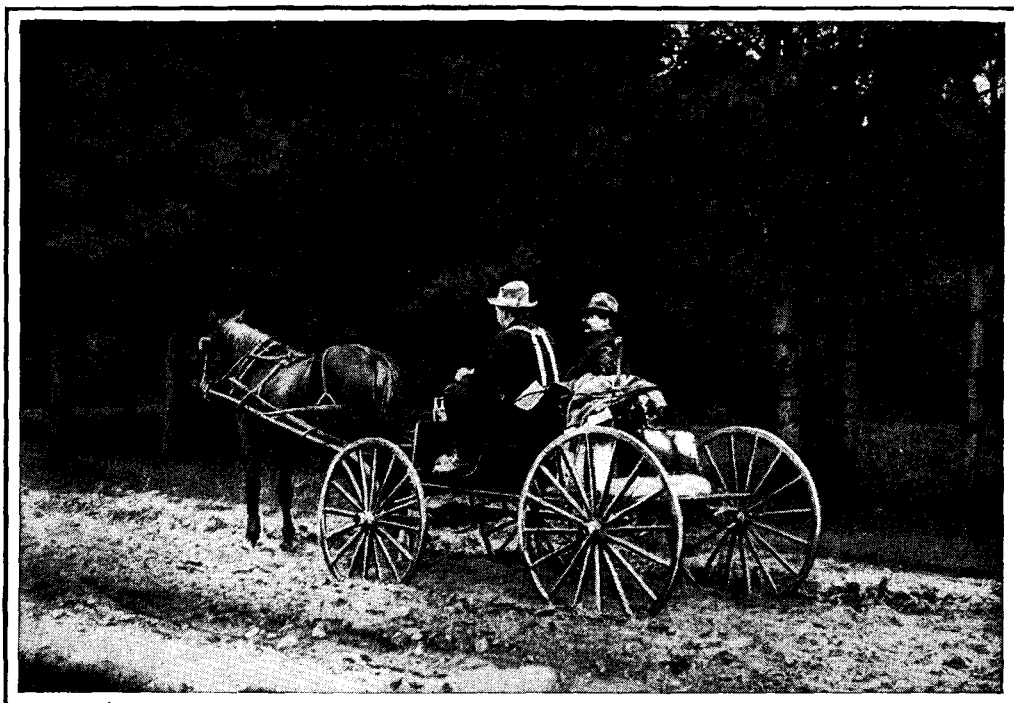
Dr. Merriam, sitting on deer runways along Beaver River, made the notes for his "Mammals of the Adirondacks" from observations of the foxes and mink and squirrels and mice that ran down to look at his motionless but questionable—from their view-point—figure. The woodsmen were real guides, needed by the casual visitor to pilot him into Smith's Lake or Summer Pond or Raquette Lake. Hundreds of people in the inner villages had never seen a railway train or even a steam-engine of any kind.

About 1890, however, a railway was driven from Remsen straight through the heart of the Adirondack wilderness. Lands which the State had been accumulating for scores of years because no one else could afford to own them mysteriously slipped out of the public possession, and over a winter the darkest balsam swamps, the loneliest lakes, the most remote hardwood ridges, were turned into playgrounds for dilettanteish people who built huge mansions and called them "camps," who graveled walks through the woods and called them "trails," and who put gorgeous little open yachts on the lakes and called them "skiffs."

Hotels were built along the "new road" which were fifty miles or so from a highway. Towns dependent entirely upon the railway for ingress and exit were established in the woods' depths for the profits accruing from keeping summer boarders and utilizing woods products. Localities which formerly hardly a dozen living men had visited were now ornamented with cottages and with people who used bobs on their lines in fishing for brook trout.

The immediate effect of the railway was to "kill" places which were off the railway. Men who wanted to go deer hunting would rather ride on the cars to the very edge of the hunting-grounds than to ride fifty miles in a lumber wagon or buckboard to the end of a carry or a foot trail of five or ten miles' length, or even more. The number of deer along the new railway was immense. Passengers saw as many as forty or fifty in a few miles. Many of these deer were now forbidden deer, however, for they were on private preserves, and trespassers were thrown off or fined.

The private preserve question became one



THE OLD WAY—THE BUCKBOARD

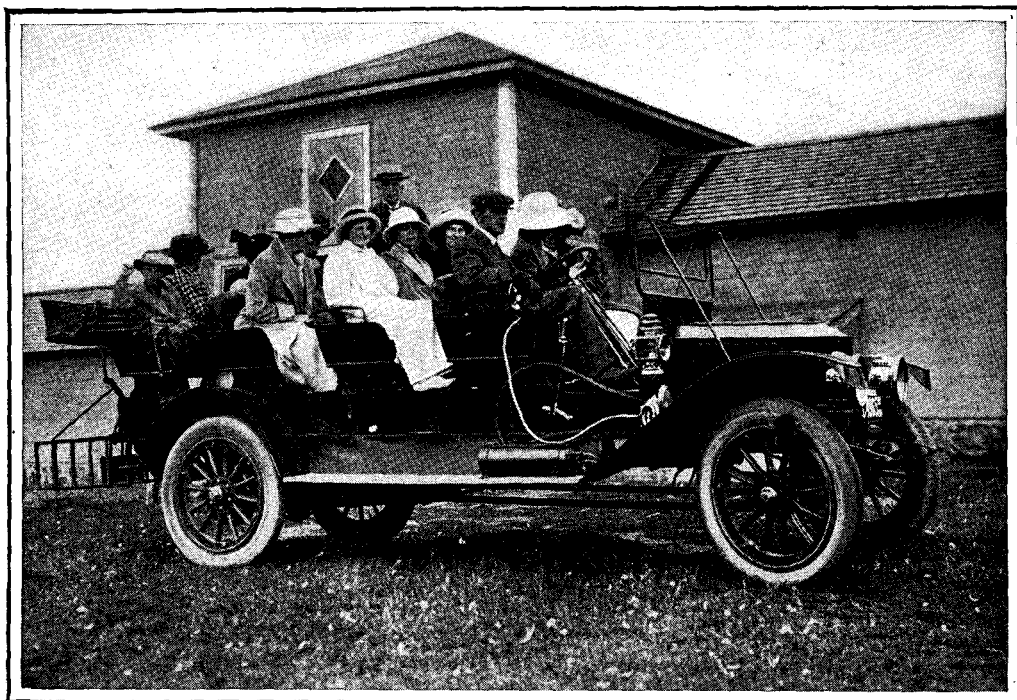
of very great importance within a short time. In the old days the woods were open to every one. No one dreamed of their ever being closed to the public. By rearrangement of boundaries, by new surveys, by various land-office hocus-pocus, two or three hundred thousand acres of land which the public believed was owned by the State were lost to the hunters and fishers. No one seemed to know just what had happened, but through a murder which remains to this day a mystery there came a readjustment. A man of the name of Dexter, a late-comer to the Adirondack private preserve game, undertook to establish a little private preserve of his own. Preserves of a hundred thousand acres—one even claimed two hundred thousand acres—had been established. Dexter gathered in a mere ten thousand acres or so up in Franklin County. He fell foul of some people in that neighborhood. Perhaps it was rigorous enforcement of the trespass laws, perhaps it was because he was a little too careful to exact his day in court from his neighbors who were trying to retain lands with legally defective titles.

One day Dexter was riding along a woods road behind a good horse in a light road wagon. A bullet sped from a bushwhacker's lair, went through the back of the wagon-seat,

went through Dexter's body, and lodged in the ham of his spirited horse. The horse galloped out to the post-office; and men who returned to the scene of the shooting found Dexter dead where he had fallen from the seat.

News of this murder swept through the Adirondacks. It created the greatest sensation that any woodsman recalls. The makers of private preserves, almost to the last man and last woman, fled from the woods. There was hardly standing-room in the trains that ran out into civilization, so great was the outpouring for two or three days. The wardens guarding the preserves carried their rifles and watched over their shoulders, and on some of the largest preserves, where there had been attempts to keep the public off of lands which had formerly been public and which had never brought a dollar into the public treasury, the camps were barricaded as though from attack by woodsmen bent on murder and pillage.

For two or three years most of the members of the clubs and owners of the great preserves kept out of the woods. They toured in Europe or went to the seashore. That feeling in the woods was still bitter was shown by the fact that in the very dry spells many fires were set in the back corners of



THE NEW WAY—THE AUTOMOBILE

private preserves and that large areas were burned over, partly through the carelessness of railways, partly through the anger of woodsmen. One preserve of fifty thousand acres or so was burned over almost to the last acre, hundreds of forest fire fighters being necessary to save the great "camp." To this day certain private preserve makers visit their estates in the Adirondacks only under circumstances of great—and necessary—caution, even entering in the night, *incognito*.

The reason for the feeling against the private preserves was partly the fact that the best hunting, the best fishing, in the Adirondacks was on those preserves. Isolated by fifty miles or more of almost if not quite roadless wilderness, the area taken over by the clubs and individuals was a natural game park even in primeval condition. There were thousands of deer, wagon-loads of trout, right in sight of the train passengers, but protected by trespass signs and armed wardens, who were commonly political associates of the justices of peace before whom the trespassers were taken. Worse yet, the private preserves closed the roads and trails leading across to the known public lands, to which there was no other feasible access. They excluded the people from their own property.

The feeling has largely abated; the condi-

tions have changed very much, in that many of the preserves do not now exclude the stranger of decent bearing and careful ways; where formerly trails first blazed by woodsmen were fenced and the woods roamer harshly ordered to take the impossible route around outside the lines, now the very boats at the landings are placed at the service of the passer-by, and perchance a good unoccupied lean-to or other camp is to be found hospitably open. Friendliness and mutual good feeling have succeeded the early indignation, mutual recrimination, and angry violence.

The Adirondack visitors of old, before the day of game preserves—city men, villagers, and woodsmen—had developed a kind of *camaraderie*, a sort of unwritten woods code, which had lived and changed but little during a hundred years of Adirondack sportsmanship, dating back to the good feeling that existed between Mohawk Valley Dutchmen and Irishmen when they still hunted Indians and Tories during and after the Revolutionary War. This code, which has never been written, was simply a kind of looking out for the fellow who would come later. In a camp, in a dry place, the man going out would leave kindling and enough wood for the night. He would leave a few matches in a bottle or tin can. He would

put the ax up where a porcupine would not chew the handle. He left salt dangling from the rafters. He left the dishes clean. No camp was locked. All were welcome.

From a condition where every one was trying to make things easier for every one else to the absolute exclusion, on the plan of the great game parks of Europe, was a change that even the most law-abiding woods frequenter never had contemplated till he bumped into a trespass sign and a burly guard.

Neither the free camps nor the absolute exclusion could prevail. For twenty years a period of readjustment followed the closing of the private preserves. The pressure on the private preserves was so great that at one time bills were introduced in the State Legislature to bond the State to purchase them. This was at the time when the owners of the private preserves stood almost alone in protecting the rights of the public from the forces which demanded logging on the remaining public lands and the right to fill the Adirondack valleys with millponds at State expense for the advantage of owners of water power sites. It was a kind of legislative blackmail threat which failed, and the water power promoters and the log-

gers were thwarted in both their schemes; but the power owners have gained a good deal of ground through a Constitutional amendment which will give them any Adirondack valleys or lakes, upon demand, if the public does not watch the legislators, with whom representatives of water companies toil unceasingly along the old lines.

The pressure on the private preserves began to relax when the game in the preserved woods was thinned out. The scarcity of deer resulted from the great forest fires which burned over the lands and from the injudicious logging operations which destroyed the green timber—the evergreen trees—with the result that the deer had no balsam, spruce, and hemlock canopy over them to keep off the winter winds in the great parks. Thousands of deer died of exposure. The survivors escaped to the dwindling areas where the evergreen timber was still untouched. Thus the hunting on the private preserves became less successful than hunting on lands open to the public. The people who tried to make a profit off their wooded estates lost much that was best in their vast woods tracts. Along the railway was developed a summer resort, where base-



A GAME OF HOCKEY ON THE ICE

WINTER AND

ball, golf, tennis, boating, and similar amusements were of more interest and importance than deer and fish. Deer were driven away, streams were overfished, and the result was a new turn in life in the Adirondacks.

When the railway was run through the wilderness heart, scores of hotels and resort localities were ruined. If one could compile a chart of the fires that destroyed Adirondack hotels and the dates of those fires, he would have in the significant lines and localities a story of the privation of the outlying districts. Direct charges of incendiarism were made in two or three cases.

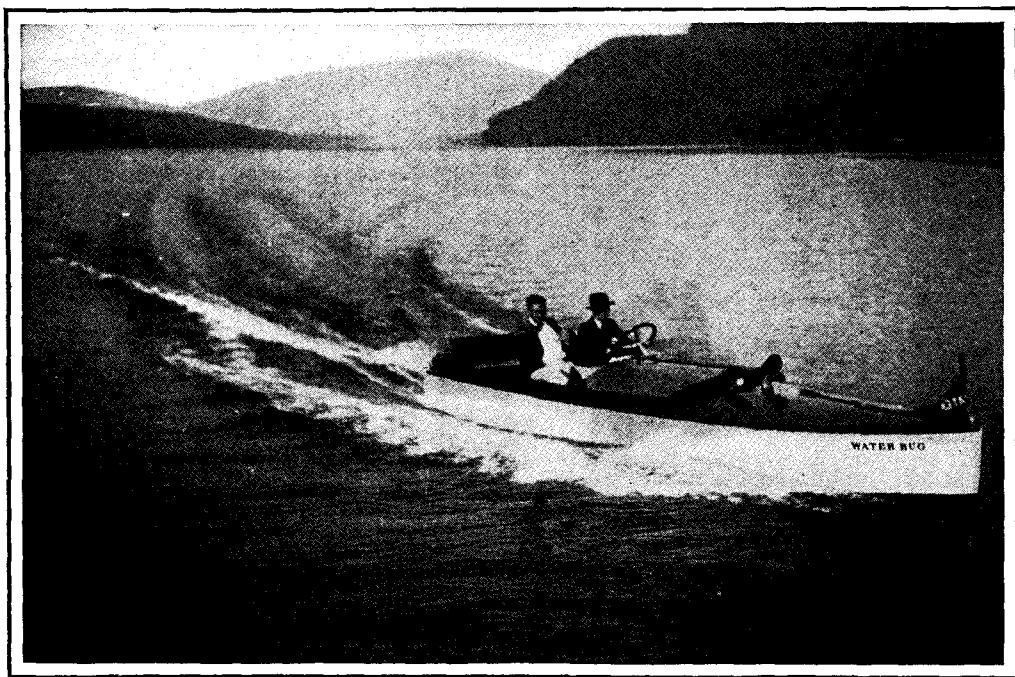
The railway simply concentrated the increasing travel to the Adirondacks along its course. It robbed the places which must be reached by long and tiresome stage routes. The use of the Adirondacks was still "spotty," confined to comparatively small areas.

People who were familiar with the Adirondacks could see that the wilderness lines were retreating before the pressure of the coming crowds. The area of occupation was constantly growing greater, but there were many inwood communities which still retained the old-fashioned backwoods atmosphere; where the boys gathered around the stove in the post-office on winter nights to tell

hunting stories and play checkers; where the little school-house churches held the winter socials and donations; where the little hotels contrived to bring from fifty to a hundred couples together at "parties" at which all "allemanded left" to the strident music of fiddles in platform and hall dances. Wilmurt, Speculator, Morehousville, Noblesborough, Indian Lake, Jesup's, Stratford, Grant, Northwood, Enos, North Lake—the list of names familiar to old Adirondack visitors is long.

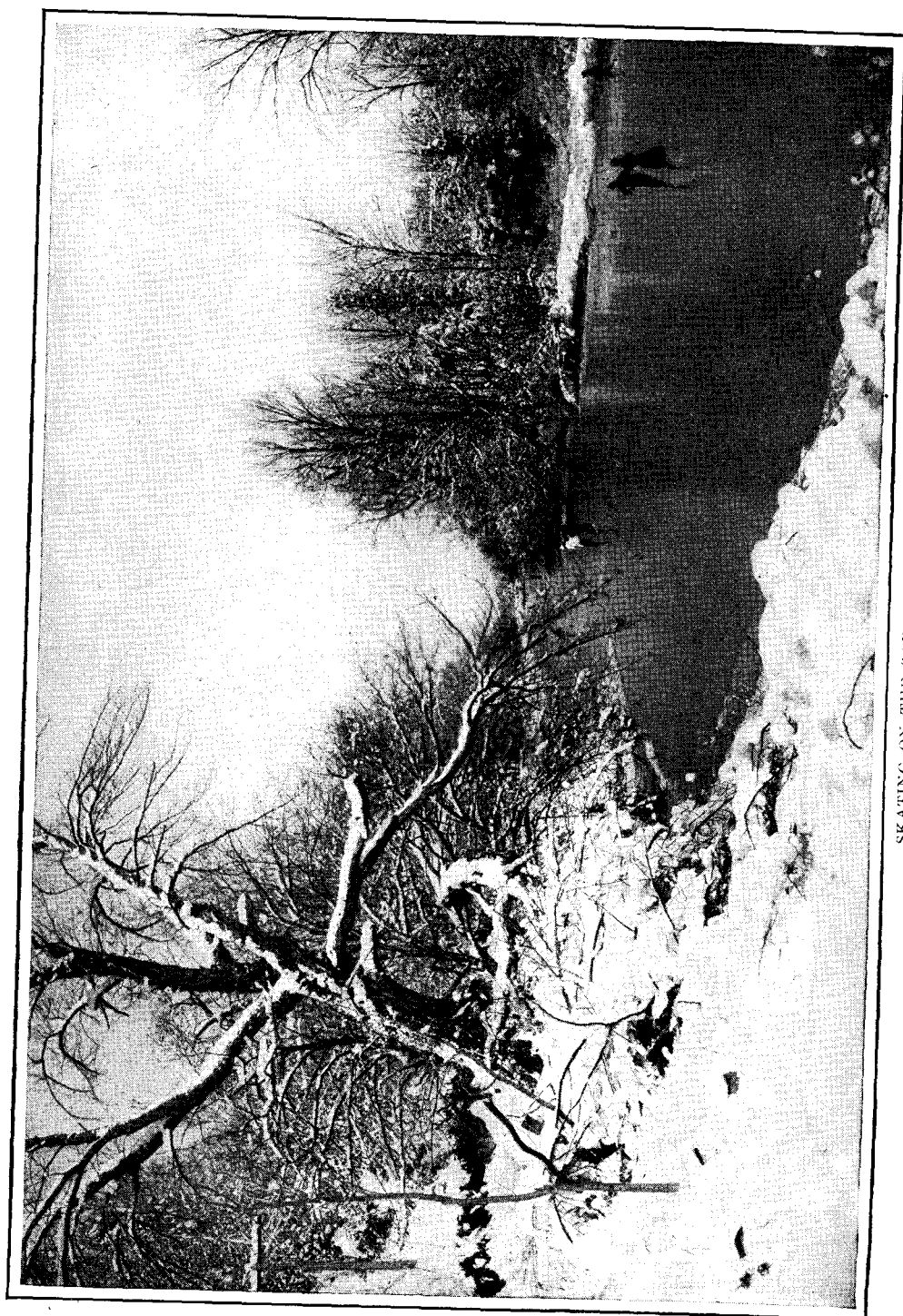
At these little towns and at certain farms and camps gathered every year little parties who fished the streams, hunted the woods, and enjoyed deep seclusion from the outside world. The inhabitants were quaint and stay-at-homes. They sold eggs for ten cents a dozen, because there were no markets near them. They served "mountain mutton," and the boarders winked knowingly at one another. The people were unspoiled—from one kind of view-point. In the spring, as soon as the ice went out, one could see gangs of loggers of pure American stock running harvests of logs down the streams, wild men whose recklessness gave Forestport, Hinckley, Corinth, Lyons Falls, and scores of other river towns traditions long to be remembered.

For a long time conditions in the Adiron-



SUMMER SPORT

THE MOTOR BOAT SUPPLANTS THE CANOE



SKATING ON THE SARANAC RIVER



TYPES OF "ADIRONDACKERS" WHO DEFEY
THE GAME WARDEN

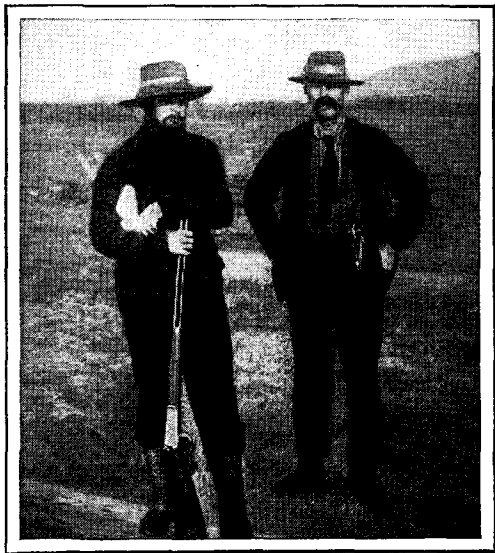
dacks changed but slowly. One can trace the story of the woods country through the State's efforts to utilize the four million acres of mountain country. In the old days—as late as the '30s—land grants were made to people who promised to develop the mountains and make rich farms of them. Then came railway projects for opening up the country and bringing down mine and forest products to the factories and mills. Then the era of timber-stealing set in, when the spruce and hemlock tempted the fortune-seekers. Verplanck Colvin surveyed the Adirondacks in the '70s, and pointed out where the best lands were to be had, where the densest growths of spruce were; and such was the success of those who took his hints that in 1884 the State forbade the transfer of State lands in the Adirondacks into private hands. That but excited the cupidity of many, and about 1896 a decided check had been put upon the land-grabbers. Twelve years later the timber thieves received their great check when two little game protectors were sent to jail. A little later, for the first time, effective game protection began to be established in the woods. One by one the violations petered out.

Until 1910, say, old conditions remained in the Adirondacks, except that the area of green timber, of trees available for floating down the streams, grew steadily smaller. The size of the burnings in the woods increased. The number of summer visitors increased

slowly. But the woods were used only in spots, as regards the great ultimate destiny of the Adirondack woods. Here and there were people to whom the woods were a park where they could picnic all summer long. The establishment of the great Fulton Chain, Raquette Lake, Saranac Lake, and Lake Placid resorts, under modern railway communication conditions, and the semi-public club preserves, led to the "week-end" use of the Adirondacks. Up to the year 1905 trains were almost too slow for any one to "run up to the woods" for a mere over-Sunday stay. A few years later the practice was common during the summer.

It was the automobile which again unsettled the customs which followed the readjustments due to the private preserve era. The first effect of the automobile was to play havoc with the hotels in the region. The hotels used to count on having whole families for months at a time. They booked their patrons for certain two, four, six week stays in suites. Transients could not find place in many of the hotels.

The all-summer, the weekly and monthly rate patrons bought automobiles; and when they ran in on their old friend the hotel-keeper, who used to be a guide when he was young, they remained only overnight. Thousands of Adirondack hotel patrons did not return to the hotel at all—roads too bad for their new car, and all that kind of thing, was the trouble. The hotel industry in the Adirondacks was shaken up as it had not been



A PRIVATE PRESERVE'S WATCHERS



RUN DOWN AND PHOTOGRAPHED—THE NEW WAY OF HUNTING

since the railway left hundreds of isolated proprietors without patronage.

Some of those old proprietors hung on. They weathered the railway, they weathered the temptations of fire, they survived the prohibition fights in their home towns. Some of them were so soured that they hardly so much as stepped to the door to look at the first flat-shoed, dusty, and pounding automobile to drive up to their front porches. More and more the automobiles began to arrive. Hotels which had depended exclusively on local and logger patronage were obliged to substitute real butter for manufactured fats, and they had to have a table with a white cloth to suit dusty and begoggled patrons who arrived from nowhere in particular. An old hotel proprietor was surprised to find in his mail letters from hunters, fishermen, and patrons of thirty years before, asking for their old rooms, and asking how is the fishing in The Creek!

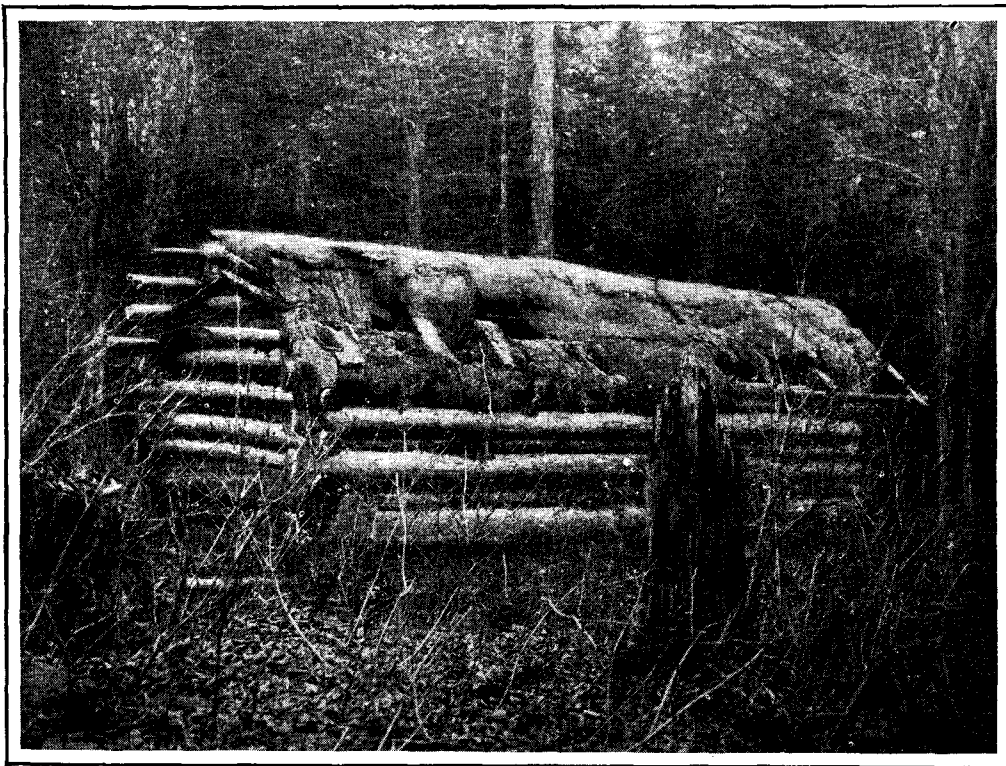
The hotels along the railway lost patronage, but the scattered backwoods hotels on the old inwood thoroughfares began to pick up. The people who used automobiles did not follow railway routes into the woods. They could not follow the new railway because there were no highways along it anywhere.

The good roads movement in the Adirondacks received a tremendous impulse. The hotel-keepers, the storekeepers, the loggers in the deep woods, controlled the local politics. In the old days they fought projects to put roads into the woods, because they cost money, and the owners of private preserves didn't want them. Now the owners of private preserves wanted roads, hotel-keepers wanted roads, and the summer visitors wanted roads. The path-masters who had been pocketing about seventy-five per cent of the funds raised for road work were tried for larceny or at least indicted, and they had to show something for the money they received. Pressure was brought to bear on the State authorities, and while thousands of square miles of farmland districts, while hundreds of villages and even many cities waited for good roads for their purposes, the few roads in the Big Woods were being tuned up to the music of drills, axes, dynamite, and whistling and hissing steam road rollers.

So now the Adirondacks have well started upon the new era of universal development. Good macadam roads are projected to cut the mountains in all directions. One loops out of Gloversville to Utica; another sweeps from Utica into Fulton Chain; northward from Fulton Chain swing two or three projects into Big Moose and Raquette; from Raquette to Utowana, from Utowana down into Warren County, from Utowana into Indian Lake, from Saranac Lake to Saranac Inn, from Lake Placid into Keene Valley, from Keene Valley around into Indian Lake, and up and down and in all directions the arms of the highways are reaching mile after mile, so that the inmost depths of the mountains, the remotest gloom of the dark swamps,



KILLED FOR THE MEAT—THE OLD WAY OF HUNTING



AN OLD HUNTERS' CABIN ON STATE LAND

and the last refuge of the deer and bear are just off the path of the automobile of to-day or to-morrow.

Now all these developments are summer developments. They refer to the woods as they are used in the vacation months of the year, as they are called. In May and early June is the best fishing; the crowd comes in late June and departs in early September; in the later autumn arrive the hundreds, the thousands of hunters. From the end of the hunting season through December to middle May the woods used to be deserted. Here and there the loggers would be hauling their summer cut to the stream banks for the spring drives, but hundreds of square miles of the woods would be left to the few trappers and an occasional camp watcher.

The past winter, as never before in the history of the Adirondacks, the woods have been alive with pleasure-seekers. Trains leave the metropolis with extra cars and extra sections to carry people to woods hotels, to the great week-ends of the private preserves. Thousands upon thousands of snowshoers, ski-runners, and sleigh-

riders have been in the cold depths of the woods where the trapper on his rounds felt free to enter the cold camps and skin the furs that he caught by the little stoves used by the summer visitors.

The war, of course, has turned the crowd back into the Adirondacks. The hotels are opening to this new phenomenon in the wintry woods. The companies which formerly closed their Adirondack resorts and opened their Florida places for the winter now find themselves confronted by the necessity of providing for a winter season in the Adirondacks.

Full development of the Adirondacks has been reached in only two particulars. The hunting and the fishing have been exploited to their utmost. Restrictions upon the hunting grow more and more severe, and fishing for trout has to be kept up by the introduction of millions of semi-domestic fish into the streams and lakes which are most visited.

The deer hunting, which was for many years the staple attraction of the woods, has now fallen far down in the list. It has been

crowded down and down until there is a growing sentiment against any deer hunting at all. So many are being killed that where formerly a hunter was allowed to kill all he wanted, he must now restrict himself to two deer with horns. Even hunters are saying that one is enough, and that one either buck or doe, because of the fact that so many bucks have been killed as to leave few in the woods. The women, seeing deer from the automobiles during the summer, are making the men ashamed of themselves for seeking the death of such beautiful creatures, and little children are telling their fathers:

"Now, papa, don't you kill that deer we fed up there by the lake!"

A hundred years ago some one foresaw the need of an Adirondack preserve, and in 1877 Dr. Franklin B. Hough definitely laid the project before the public in his great Report upon Forestry. In 1884 the first effective law was passed to that end. In 1896 the Constitutional provision further protected the public's interests. In 1908, or thereabouts, the enforcement of the laws overtook the violations. In the past ten years the development of the automobile and the improvement of the public highways have given the public the means of transportation to their playground.

For a hundred years the question of preserving the forests and timber supply has been agitated in New York, amid the slurs of the loggers. They have been permitted to devastate a vast and splendid wilderness

from the high hills of the State, but there still remains some virgin forest in the Adirondack mountains. Logging companies have made such inroads on the green timber—on the evergreen trees—and they are so rapidly entering upon the hardwood stand that the State at last sees the necessity of preserving the headwaters of the State's greatest streams. This past winter a plan was proposed to bond the State for \$10,000,000 to supply funds for the purchase at compulsory sale of the Adirondack preserve lands which are now being cut over under ruthlessly destructive methods, to the great harm of the mountains, streams, and the playground.

The result of all the contributing conditions is that the most accessible of the country's great playgrounds is coming into its own. Some people who remember the undisturbed, the silent, the lonely depths of the Big Woods of a few years ago must regret the passing of the wild, but they cannot mourn the fact that thousands and hundreds of thousands of people have had the way made smooth for them to come into intimate contact with the green timber, with the deep valleys, and with all the other inspiring features which not even picnicking and sporadic wantonness can now greatly affect.

It is an interesting fact to contemplate that five million people could camp at one time in the Adirondacks and each camper have nearly an acre of land to himself!



A MODERN TEMPORARY CAMP

A TENTH-CENTURY BARBARIAN

BY GEORGE KENNAN

This is the first of two stories about Akhmet Avarski, narrating Mr. Kennan's adventures and talks with Akhmet in Eastern Caucasia.—THE EDITORS.

"MISERY," it is said, "acquaints a man with strange company," and it was misery—or at least hunger, loneliness, and privation—which led to my acquaintance with the East Caucasian raider, cattle-lifter, and homicide who called himself Akhmet Avarski.

I had undertaken to make an exploration of the wild, mountainous, and at that time little-known territory of Daghestan, and was trying to reach it by crossing the marshy steppes which border the river Terek between the Dariel Pass and the Caspian Sea. The trip, however, proved to be much more difficult than I had anticipated. The only means of transportation were springless one-horse *telegas*; the unfenced and unimproved steppe roads were soft and muddy from recent rains; there were few villages and no inns along the route, and for a period of five days I had to live on a few pounds of black rye bread, with an occasional tumbler of smoky tea, and to sleep at night on the ground or in the half-open wattled shed of a *dukhan* or roadside grog-shop. As the season was late October, this kind of life involved a good deal of hardship, and when, toward the end of the week, I found myself approaching the foothills of the Andiski Khrebet, the high lateral range which forms the boundary of Daghestan on the west, I began to look forward with eager anticipation to horseback travel in the mountains, which would certainly be more interesting, and probably more comfortable, than *telega* life on a muddy, monotonous, and almost interminable plain. But the last day of my steppe experience was the worst. The horse that fell to my lot on that particular morning was so weak from sickness or starvation that he could hardly be forced to move at all, and after riding behind him at a slow, plodding walk for three or four hours I abandoned the whole outfit and started ahead on foot for the fortified post of Veden, leaving the driver to follow with the blanket and saddle-bags, which made up my scanty equipment.

As I ascended by a winding road into the rounded, forest-clad foothills I lost sight of

the dreary steppe which borders the river Terek, and began to feel the stimulation of the mountain air; but aerial stimulation, at best, is an unsatisfactory substitute for solid food, and long before I reached the fortified post of Veden, which was my proximate destination, I had eaten my last pound of black rye bread and was becoming weak from hunger and fatigue. Two or three miles from Veden I came to a Cossack picket's shelter—a high mast with ladder-like cross-bars, on the top of which there was a small platform inclosed in wattled bushes. In this crow's-nest, watching the road, sat an armed sentinel in Cossack uniform, who hailed me in Russian and ordered me to stop.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A traveler," I replied.

"What kind of a traveler?"

"Amerikanets."

"Where are you going?"

"Into Daghestan."

"Are you armed?"

"No."

"What are you doing on these roads alone at nightfall, and without a weapon?"

"My pistol was stolen from me," I explained, "and since then I've had only a pocket-knife. Why weapons? Is the road dangerous?"

"At night, yes," he said. "My orders are to stop every man after sunset unless he is armed and can take care of himself. But it isn't quite dark yet, and if you walk fast you can reach the post in an hour. You may go."

Reflecting upon the possibilities suggested by this encounter, I quickened my steps. An hour and a half later, after an uphill walk of sixteen miles, toward the end of which I was again halted by an armed sentry, I entered the fortified post of Veden, where I found a place to sleep and a rather scanty supper of black bread, goat's-milk cheese, and tea.

Monday morning, equipped with an open order for horses and an escort from the commandant of the post, and attended by a semi-civilized mountaineer in the Russian service, who carried a small arsenal of antique silver-

mounted weapons, including dagger, saber, rifle, and two pistols, I started on horseback for the Andiski Khrebet. Early in the afternoon, after a ride of three or four hours across a high plateau and through a narrow, rocky, and very wild gorge, we came squarely up against the mighty and almost precipitous mountain wall which separates Chechnia from Daghestan. The steep western slope of the titanic ridge was treeless, and up it, like a whitish snake, ran a tortuous bridle-path, which climbed in seventeen zigzags to the snow-powdered summit, eight thousand feet above the level of the Caspian Sea. At the base of this great range stood a small collection of flat-roofed, clay-colored adobe houses known to the Chechens as the *aoul* of Khorochoi, where my escort had instructions to turn me over to the *starshina* or head man of the settlement, and then return himself with the two horses to Veden. The head man and his wife both happened to be away from home; and in a low, dark room hung around with ancient weapons and huge circular trays of copper or bronze¹ I was turned over to the *starshina's* daughter, a timid little girl about seven years of age. As she could not speak Russian, she was unable to talk with me, and, frightened by the strange dress and appearance of the first foreigner perhaps that she had ever seen, she extended to me a sort of symbolical hospitality by laying down a cushion for a seat on the bare clay floor, and then fled. Tiring of solitude in the gloomy room, and longing for something to eat, I went out of doors, wondering what I should do next. In that wild and unfrequented part of the Caucasus, without horse, guide, interpreter, or food, I had, naturally enough perhaps, a feeling of helplessness and perplexity; but there is always a way out of the most discouraging situation, and when, in an exploration of my environment, I found between the village and the mountain a little encampment of Cossack tents, I felt almost at home again.

"What are you doing here, boys?" I inquired of two sunburned Cossacks in white tunics and high-top boots who were washing dishes beside a low-spirited fire.

"Building a road, your High Nobility," they replied, with a friendly grin.

"Up the Andiski?"

¹ It is a noteworthy fact, perhaps, that one of these round bronze trays bore a half-effaced inscription in Latin. Whether it was brought to the Caucasus by the Roman army of Pompey the Great or by medieval Italian colonists I could only conjecture.

"Just that."

"Where is your commanding officer?"

"Captain Cherkassof? He's over there in the whitewashed *sakla* by the big rock," pointing in the direction of the village. "Where is God taking you?"

"Into Daghestan," I replied. "My escort left me here alone, and I've got to look up horses and an interpreter for a trip across the range."

"*Tu-ak!* [So!] Then you must see the captain. He is the engineer and this is his road."

Five minutes later I was introducing myself to Captain Cherkassof and explaining to him my difficulties and needs.

"Of course you'll stay with me to-night," he said, with cordial Russian hospitality. "You're simply a godsend! I haven't seen an educated man in three months. I can't offer you much," indicating with a sweeping gesture two camp beds, two high-pommeled saddles on blocks, three home-made chairs, and a bare pine table, "but you're more than welcome to what there is. I've got two cots, plenty to eat, and something to drink."

"Meat, drink, and a bed are what I want most," I said, laughingly. "I haven't had a square meal in a week, and I'm tired enough to sleep on a mattress of barbed wire."

"Ey! Mahmoud!" shouted the captain to a smooth-faced young mountaineer of a blond Scandinavian type who was doing something with a theodolite a short distance from the house. "Stop taking sight at that cow! You can't get an angle from a base line and a wandering cow. Come in here, set up the samovar, bring all you've got to eat, and then make over your bed and clear out your things. This gentleman is going to spend the night with me."

"He's my assistant," explained the captain to me. "He's a mountain boy, and I'm trying to teach him the elements of surveying."

In the course of half an hour my blanket and saddle-bags were brought from the house of the *starshina*, and I sat down at the bare pine table to the most satisfying meal I had had in a week—cold boiled mutton, eggs, bread and butter, honey, delicious purple grapes, and red Caucasian wine. My host, Captain Cherkassof, who had been isolated in this wild corner of the Caucasus for six months, was even more hungry for news and companionship than I was for food; so we talked science, literature, art, Russian affairs, world politics, and the state of the eastern

Caucasus all the rest of that day and far into the night.

I was glad to find that a trip through western and central Daghestan was regarded by Captain Cherkassof as perfectly practicable and reasonably safe. The Russians had pacified the country only in part after their long war with the mountaineers, and I had been told by almost everybody whom I had consulted that if I ventured far back into the interior, away from the Russian posts, I should take my life in my hands. Captain Cherkassof, however, did not think so.

"Daghestan," he said, "is a wild country, made up for the most part of mountains, precipices, deep gloomy gorges, and roaring torrents; but there are a good many native settlements scattered through it and a few Russian forts. The roads are only bridle-paths, and they run in zigzags, at almost impossible angles, up and down breakneck cliffs and slopes; but the sure-footed mountain horses are used to them, and the steep descents and 'devil's bridges' are not so dangerous as they look. As for the inhabitants, they belong to half a dozen different racial stocks, from Arabs and Jews to Teutons and Mongols. They are a fighting people, fierce, brave, and proud, but they are extremely hospitable. Every house has its guest chamber, and one of their proverbs says, 'A guest—a man from God.' The state of society, of course, is that of the tenth century—or possibly I might say the first. We haven't been in control long enough to change things much, and in many of the mountain *aouls* you might easily imagine yourself in ancient Gaul in the time of Cæsar."

"It all sounds interesting," I remarked, "and I think I shall like it."

"Yes," he agreed, "it's interesting enough, but very primitive. It's like living in a long-past historic time."

At breakfast on the following morning I brought up the important question of ways and means, and I asked Captain Cherkassof what chance there was of getting horses, an escort, and an interpreter for my proposed trip.

"There will be no trouble about horses and escort," he replied. "The *starshina* will have to give you those on your 'open order' from the commandant in Veden. The question of an interpreter is more difficult. The mountaineers in Daghestan speak fifteen or twenty different languages, and you ought to have a man who knows at least five or six of

them. How long a trip do you expect to make?"

"I thought I would go to Timour-khan-Shura," I replied, "by way of Andi, Botlekh, and Khunzakh. It may take a couple of weeks. I can't stay in the mountains much longer than that, anyway, because winter is coming on and the passes will be blocked with snow."

Captain Cherkassof thought for a moment, and then said: "Suppose I give you my interpreter. I can spare him for two or three weeks. He speaks Russian fairly well, and knows seven of the mountain languages besides. He is an Avar by birth, and is better acquainted with the people of Daghestan than any other man I know. He's a tenth-century barbarian, of course; but you won't mind that. Grip him firmly and hold him with sea-urchin mittens, and you won't have any trouble with him."

I did not feel at all sure of my ability to hold a tenth-century barbarian "with sea-urchin mittens;" but, as I had had some experience with primeval men in various parts of the world, I thought I might perhaps get along with him.

"I'll take him," I said, "if you can spare him and he'll go."

"Oh, he'll go fast enough," replied the captain. "He's a born *brodyag* [rover, vagabond, or free adventurer], and such a trip will just suit him."

"Mahmoud," he said to his young assistant, "go and find Akhmet and bring him here."

Ten minutes later the interpreter silently entered the room, greeted Captain Cherkassof with a formal military salute, took off his high, muff-shaped sheepskin hat, and stood at attention. He was a tall, athletic man, perhaps fifty years of age, with a rugged, deeply lined face and the fierce blue eyes that one sees now and then among the Highlanders of Scotland. His closely clipped and bristly hair was sprinkled with gray, but his beard and mustache had been dyed a bright, peculiar red with henna. The broad white seam of a scar crossed his forehead above and between the eyes, and seemed to give—by suggestion perhaps—an added fierceness to the naturally stern expression of his face. He was dressed in the long-skirted black coat of the Daghestan mountaineers, with a row of ivory ammunition tubes across his breast, and the silver galloon of a red silken under-tunic showing at his

throat. From a silver-studded leathern belt hung diagonally across his body in front the long, straight dagger known in the Caucasus as *kinjal*; and thrust through the belt, in the small of his back, was a heavy single-barreled pistol with a globular butt. Both weapons were richly mounted, and the sheath of the *kinjal* was ornamented with arabesques of silver niello work. As he stood there, with impassive face, paying no attention to me, but gazing fixedly at Captain Cherkassof, he was a striking and impressive figure.

"Akhmet," said the captain, "this is a foreign traveler from the other side of the great ocean, who is about to make a trip into Daghestan. He wants an interpreter. Will you go?"

"Why not go, if it is ordered?" replied Akhmet, briefly.

"Well, I order it; how soon can you be ready?"

"As soon as I can get on my horse. How far am I to go with him?"

"To Timour-khan-Shura. From there you will come back to me."

"*Slooshiyoo, s'* [I hear, sir]. Does he speak Russian?" pointing rather contemptuously at me with his thumb.

"He does, and he will tell you where he wants to go. Take good care of him—you'll answer for him with your head."

"*Slooshiyoo, s'.*"

"Be off, then, and get your horse. Take food to Andi"—the first large *aul* in Daghestan. "The *starshina* will furnish a mounted guard and another horse."

Half an hour later Akhmet and I, with a heavily armed Chechense horseman as escort, were climbing the zigzag road that led to the summit of the Andiski Khrebet. Just before we started Captain Cherkassof had given the red-bearded interpreter, as a farewell stirrup-cup, a brimming tumbler of colorless Russian vodka; but I could not see that it had the slightest effect upon him. His scarred, saturnine countenance showed no change of expression, and he did not speak either to me or to the Chechense escort until we reached the crest of the titanic divide and looked out from a height of eight thousand feet over the wild, rugged landscape of western Daghestan. Then, at sight of his native Avaria, his face seemed to brighten a little, and, turning to me, he pointed out the approximate location of his birthplace; the five-thousand-foot precipice of Gimry; the

deep, gloomy gorge of the Andiski Koisu; the cliff-girdled mountain of Gunib, where the great Caucasian leader Shamyl made his last stand against the Russians; and above and beyond them all the white, snowy peaks of the main range stretching away in a long, serrated line toward the coast of the Caspian Sea.

On the snow-powdered summit we stopped a few moments for lunch. Akhmet doffed his muff-shaped wool hat and took out of the space between the crown and the facing a thin pancake of unleavened bread, a piece of dried meat, and a couple of hard-boiled eggs. Meanwhile I produced from my saddle-bags some cheese and white bread, half a cold fowl, and a bottle of red native wine, which Captain Cherkassof's boy had put up for me before we started. My experience, not only with tenth-century barbarians, but with savages of the stone age, had taught me that it is always good policy to share food and drink; so I gave Akhmet a part of my lunch, including the wine, and took in return a part of his. This immediately improved our social relations and seemed to throw a bridge of gastronomic and convivial sympathy across the gap between the tenth century and the nineteenth. Before we finished the bottle of wine, the cold boiled fowl, the jerked meat, and the unleavened bread I had taken several steps backward toward tenth-century barbarism, while Akhmet had acquired a few glimmering ideas of nineteenth-century civilization. We had educated each other. But my education was still far from complete, and the tenth century had prepared for me a serious "jolt."

About half-way down the eastern slope of the range we passed through a village of closely packed, flat-roofed houses, which suggested in general appearance a pueblo of the Arizona Indians. As we rode through the narrow, hall-like streets, all of the old and middle-aged men who were sunning themselves and gossiping in front of their houses rushed forward to clasp hands and press thumbs with Akhmet, who seemed to know them all and to speak with fluency their guttural, clickful tongue. As we rode out of the village I remarked casually to the interpreter:

"That sounds to me like a very difficult language; how did you ever learn it?"

"Oh," he replied, nonchalantly, "many years ago, when I was young, I killed a man and had to flee to this village to escape his

blood avengers. While I was living here I learned the language."

This explanation Akhmet made in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, as if killing a man were a natural episode in normal human experience. I was a little startled to find myself associated in that wild and lawless region with a homicide; but I did not think it prudent to ask for details. "Very likely," I reflected, "he killed the man in self-defense, so that he isn't really a murderer." But I soon discovered that I had not yet got back, mentally, into the tenth-century atmosphere.

We slept that night in another village, ten or fifteen miles farther along, where the people spoke another language, but where Akhmet seemed to be as much at home socially and linguistically as he had been in the first one.

"How did you happen to get acquainted with these people and learn this language?" I asked, as we were smoking and drinking tea together early in the evening.

"Many years ago," he replied, "when I was young, I killed a man, and I went into *kauile* here."

"What do you mean by 'going into *kauile*'?" I ventured to inquire.

He looked at me in apparent surprise, as if I had asked what he meant by saying that he "went into the house when it rained." Then, as the thought occurred to him that customs might be different in another country, he patiently explained:

"When you kill a man" (as if I were likely ever to kill a man!), "the *adat* [customary law] says that you must take refuge in some distant village, where his blood avengers are not likely to follow you. I took refuge here, and it was two years before I could make peace with my blood-seekers. May they stand before God with blackened faces!" he added, fiercely. "They were stiff-necked, and I had to pay them five horses."¹

Slowly I began to get the tenth-century point of view. Killing men and "going into *kauile*" were not extraordinary occurrences, and the state of society in which such things happened was perfectly normal.

¹In the development of human society this was probably the first regulation of the blood feud. The community had not yet come to regard homicide as a crime that it should forbid and punish; but, in order to restrict bloodshed as far as possible, it decreed that the killer must not expose himself unnecessarily to the danger of being killed in turn. He must "go into *kauile*," or, in other words, remove himself from the neighborhood of his blood-seekers, until time and the cooling of passion should make possible the settling of the feud by means of a payment in the nature of compensation for the injury done to the family of the killed.

"How many men have you happened to kill, Akhmet?" I inquired.

He laid down his pipe and began to count them up on his fingers—hesitating reflectively now and then, as if in doubt. Finally he said, decisively: "Fourteen; besides some Russians that I killed in battle; I don't know how many of them there were."

"How did you come to kill the first man? Was it in a fight?"

"Not exactly a fight. We had a dispute, and he said a bad word to me. I drew my *kinjal*—and—*batz!* it was done."

I made no comment, and Akhmet, taking my silence as a possible indication of disapproval, inquired in turn:

"What do you do in your country when a man says a bad word to you?"

"Knock him down," I replied, "or perhaps call the police; it depends on circumstances."

Akhmet snorted contemptuously. "In our Daghestan," he said, "it's only a step from the bad word to the *kinjal*" (a Caucasian proverb). "What do you carry weapons for?"

"We don't carry weapons."

"Then don't you ever kill anybody, or go on raids, or protect your cattle, or avenge blood?"

"Never; we don't have to; we are protected by the law."

"Humph! Yours must be a sheep's life."

I ought, perhaps, to have made my statements with some reservations and exceptions; but I did not see how I could do this or furnish the necessary explanations without finally casting reflections upon the character of Akhmet himself, and at that stage of our acquaintance it did not seem wise to say anything that might be construed as a "bad word." I had already heard, moreover, the significant and oft-repeated Daghestan proverb, "Hold your tongue and you'll save your head."¹ I therefore contented myself with saying that different peoples had different customs—a trite but reasonably safe remark.

Two or three days passed before the subject of homicide came up again, and by that time Akhmet and I had made some progress toward intimacy. He had discovered that, although I was a foreigner, from a country of which he had never heard, I was nevertheless a human being with some sympa-

¹In the oldest written code of Caucasian customary law, drawn up in Arabic several centuries ago, this proverb stands at the head of every paragraph.

thetic intelligence; and I had found that although he was a tenth-century barbarian, his social behavior in certain situations showed as much tact, consideration, and delicacy of feeling as mine. One day, for example, about noon, after climbing three thousand feet or more up an almost precipitous mountain slope, we rode into a high mesa village where the only inhabitants seemed to be boys and girls from four to ten years of age. These children, of course, did not live there alone all the time. The adult members of their families had gone down into a neighboring valley to harvest Indian corn, and they had left the younger boys and girls at home to tend the babies and keep house.

Without knocking for admittance, Akhmet threw open the door of the best-looking dwelling in the settlement and walked in. The only occupants of the house were two little girls, apparently about six and nine years of age. At sight of two strange men, one heavily armed and the other dressed in a terrifying foreign costume, the children seemed to be half paralyzed with the shock of surprise and fear; but they soon rallied, and the elder, remembering that in the absence of her parents she was invested with the duties and responsibilities of the family, beckoned us to follow, and, conducting us to the guest chamber, invited us to take seats on a broad, rug-covered divan. Then, bowing to us with a courtesy that was half womanly and half childish, she retired. Five minutes later her little six-year-old sister came in, trembling with fear, and offered to us on a huge circular bronze tray two bunches of grapes—the only refreshments they had been able to find in the house that seemed to them worthy of our acceptance. The poor little tot was so frightened as she approached me that her trembling shook the tray; but she knew her duty, and, rallying all her spiritual forces, she performed it with a courage that was as admirable as it was touching. It may well be doubted whether two New England children left alone in the house and surprised by the sudden incoming of a cowboy and a bashi-bazouk would have given such an exhibition of the two noble virtues—hospitality and courage.

But the behavior of Akhmet, the mediæval barbarian, was equally surprising. Not only did he strive in every way to encourage and reassure the children, but he treated the elder girl especially with as much respect and

deference as if she were *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, the “lady of the house.” When we took our leave, he bowed low to her, with bared head, and thanked her with what might fairly be described as “ornamental earnestness” for the shelter and hospitality that we had enjoyed.

As we rode together day after day through the wild gorges of western Daghestan and sat together night after night in the guest-rooms of mountain houses I encouraged Akhmet to talk frankly about his early life. At first he seemed reticent and reserved; but, finding that I was making an honest effort to understand his environment and look at things from his point of view, he gradually gained confidence, and finally related to me, without any attempt at justification or self-defense, the most extraordinary stories of adventure, lawlessness, and crime that I had ever heard. It did not seem to occur to him that I might be shocked by the purposes he avowed and the actions he described, and he told me the story of his life just as he would have told it to a brother-barbarian of whose perfect comprehension and sympathy he felt sure.

One day, for example, he gave me in a matter-of-fact but graphic way an account of an attempt that he made in early manhood to kill an aged Kumik and carry off the latter's young wife.¹ It happened, he said, when he was a young and unmarried man about twenty-five years of age. He had started one summer day with a raiding party of twenty-five or thirty Avars on a cattle-lifting expedition in the territory of a hostile clan. In riding through a Kumik village, on the way to the scene of action, Akhmet happened to see in the street a very beautiful young Kumik girl. With the impetuosity of his age and temperament, he fell in love with her at sight, and, halting his party, he proceeded to make inquiries about her. To his great disgust, he found that, although she was only sixteen or seventeen years of age, she was already married to an old Kumik. That such a pearl of young womanhood should be married at all was bad; that she should be married to a despised Kumik was worse; and that she should be the property of an old man—a man three or four times her age—was simply intolerable. It was a violation of the laws of nature which ought not to be permitted. In

¹ The Kumiks were a Daghestan tribe of Turkish origin who were looked down upon by the Lesghian mountaineers as inferiors.

less than half an hour Akhmet made up his mind to kill the old husband and carry off the young wife. Making known his intentions to his companions, he let them go on the raid without him. He then called together the head man and three or four leading Kumiks of the settlement and explained to them that he was a sword-maker, and that he had come to the village for the purpose of taking a house and beginning there the manufacture of *kinjals*.¹

No question seems to have been raised as to the sincerity of Akhmet's professions, and he was able in a few days to rent a house and settle down. His first move was to give one evening a sort of house-warming, to which he invited all the villagers, including the old Kumik and his young wife. Then, with his horse in readiness, he went out and lay in wait for the old Kumik, intending to ambush him, kill him, and carry off the girl. The old Kumik, however, seems to have become suspicious of Akhmet at an early stage in the proceedings, and, instead of coming to the entertainment, he and his wife remained quietly at home.

Having proceeded thus far in his narrative, Akhmet stopped and seemed to be lost in gloomy reflections.

"Well," I said, "what did you do then?"

"Do then? One night, after dark, I tried to bring him out as a peacemaker. I got up a sham quarrel with one of my neighbors and sent for him to act as arbitrator."²

"Did he come?" I inquired, as Akhmet again paused.

"No; the cowardly old pig! And it was

so dark where I watched that I came near killing another man in his place."

"Wouldn't it have been simpler," I asked, "to climb into one of his windows some night and kill him at home?"

"Kill him in a house!" exclaimed Akhmet, apparently shocked. "In our Daghestan you can't kill a man in a house."

"You can't? Why not?"

"There is no *adat* for it. It would be dishonorable. You mustn't kill even your blood enemy in a house."

This exposition of tenth-century ethics left me dumb with amazement. According to Akhmet, you might honorably invite a man to an evening party and kill him while he was coming as your guest to your entertainment, or you might properly ambush and murder him when he was coming at your request to act as arbitrator in your quarrel; but it would be disgraceful to kill him in a house. He must be assassinated in the open.

I cannot now remember all the stratagems to which Akhmet resorted in his effort to get the old Kumik out of doors, where he might be killed with perfect propriety and in strict accordance with the customary law (*adat*), but they all failed. The suspicious husband and his young wife never left their house at night, and never in the daytime unless they were accompanied by friends enough to protect them.

As he told the story Akhmet became visibly more and more excited by the recollection of his disappointment. His face flushed with color, the veins stood out in his neck and temples, and when he finally admitted that he had to leave the village and return to his home without accomplishing his object he brought his clenched fist down heavily upon the flat pommel of his saddle and appealed to me, as a man and a brother, to know if it was not a shame and an outrage that the old Kumik would not come out of doors and be killed.

¹ All things manufactured in Daghestan at that time were made by individuals in private houses. There were no factories of any kind, and industries were only just beginning to be specialized. For centuries every family had been accustomed to make at home everything that it used. Then some family would acquire a reputation for the excellence of its pistols, *kinjals*, rugs, or saddles, and would proceed to specialize, devoting itself exclusively to the manufacture of the particular thing that it could make best.

² This is the most urgent call that can be made upon a man in any part of the eastern Caucasus. Quarrels there are so likely to result in homicides and feuds that one who is asked to act as arbitrator feels it a sacred duty to do so.

A second article about Akhmet will appear in an early issue of The Outlook

FATHER BANDINI'S TONTITOWN

BY MARY CATHERINE PHELPS LYNCH

"I AM especially interested in the task of diverting from the already overcrowded industries to the farm those laborers of Europe who may wish to come to America," says Secretary Wilson. "When we consider the factors of the increasing cost of food, the increasing demand that America shall do a larger share of the work of feeding the world, the tremendous proportion of arable but uncultivated land within our borders, and the fact that intensive cultivation of the soil is a science that has hardly begun, certainly laborers who have been trained to till the soil in the crowded lands of Europe should be successful here." Just how successful one may judge from Tontitown, Arkansas, to which the attention of many thoughtful men is now turning.

The work of the Very Rev. Pietro Bandini, Tontitown, offers not only an example of perfect social service, but proof of practical solution to some of America's momentous questions. A seven-hundred-acre tract in the Ozark Mountains was selected after careful study. To this Father Bandini came in 1898 with twenty-six trusting, but almost penniless, families. Land was divided into five to twenty acre tracts, families buying on installments, and Father Bandini indorsing the notes of each man. In honor of the Italian, Lieutenant Enrico Tonti, who was with La Salle and established a trading post near here, they named the settlement Tontitown.

Thus the beginning of the flourishing Tontitown of to-day. Yet with the unknown climate and soil, the severe cyclone which destroyed their village and crops the first year, the bitter animosity of neighbors who even set fire to their church, the little foreign colony must indeed have failed but for Father Bandini's leadership. He it was who studied agricultural reports, not only translating them, but going to work with his own hands. He it was, too, who found time to conduct alone a school for the children, not only teaching them from books, but training them to be loyal American citizens.

Through his untiring work, Tontitown stands to-day, not only a prosperous colony of one thousand souls, farming over five thousand acres (worth up to \$150 per acre), possessing a city charter, a railway, modern hotel, stores, town hall, creameries, canneries,

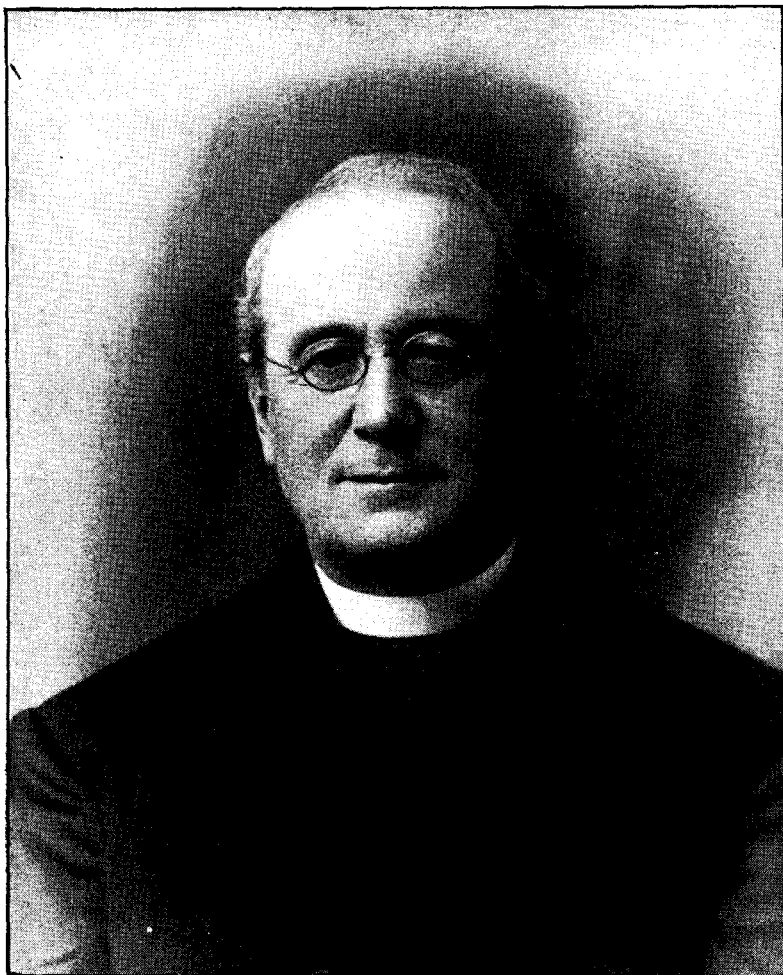
factories, mills, and kilns (these last all necessary for the intensive cultivation and extensive utilization practiced here), an academy and a beautiful church—not only does Tontitown represent this thriving village, but the most practical solution to the immigrant problem which has yet been offered—mainly to *our own great advantage*.

Other nationalities soon came to make Tontitown their home and intermarried with the original Italians. Tontitown to-day can no longer be called Italian, but American—with no hyphenated Americans here!

Nor land-poor farmers! With forty acres one can, with a large family, become a man of means; but forty acres, Father Bandini insists, is all that one man can cultivate. Yet he refers to *intensive cultivation*—one of the most valuable lessons the immigrant can teach Americans. Two or three crops are always grown in the same season on the same soil, which *also* nourishes an orchard or vineyard (or both), vegetables being planted between rows of trees and vines. Each product is then utilized to its maximum. With fruit evaporators, canneries, cider and vinegar mills, the apple crops here have averaged \$6 a barrel against the 60 cents received by American farmers of the vicinity. Pulp last run through the mill is then used as fertilizer. Utilization, indeed!

Adjoining colonies have sprung up—these, too, fostered by the indefatigable Father Bandini, who is now engaged in opening still another colony. This last is twenty-five miles east of Tontitown, as land nearer is now held at a price prohibitive to the poor, to whom Father Bandini gives his first thought.

It was for this work at Tontitown—this solution to problems more American than Italian—that the Italian Government at the International Exposition in 1911 honored Father Bandini with a specially struck gold medal. In building such a colony as Tontitown has proved itself and fostering others no less successful Father Bandini has done, and is doing to-day, one does not question, far more for the United States than for Italy. May this work for us be acknowledged, not by a mere medal, but by the planting of many similar colonies under capable leaders when the new immigration shall knock at our gates!



THE VERY REVEREND PIETRO BANDINI

Father Bandini is the organizer of the St. Raphael's Society of the United States and the founder of the Tontitown agricultural colony in Arkansas

EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D.

On Dr. Grenfell's return last autumn from Labrador, where for a quarter of a century he has been conducting a great work of civilization, he felt impelled, during a winter vacation from that work, to accept a position with the Harvard Surgical Unit, operating at the Twenty-Second Hospital of France, located at Boulogne. Here he remained for some months, and then, at the request of the English general at headquarters, he visited the northern armies in France in order to gain more direct experience in the first-line trenches. We print a partial account of his experiences in these two capacities.—THE EDITORS.

ON my return from France you ask me to give my deductions about the great war from experience. It is so large a problem, and it is so difficult not to be misunderstood, that I must begin by saying that I speak only for myself, and am quite aware that the same facts might lead other people to act differently from the way I should, just as in our surgical procedure doctors differ.

How is the army medical work in France organized?

It is splendidly organized under the Royal Army Medical Corps. To give scope for charity in England the Red Cross Society is recognized by it as the only channel through which gifts can be accepted. The rôle of the Red Cross Society is now to help in cases of emergency or to afford accessories and luxuries, which, of course, have their value. But the unification under Government control of all ambulance work is firmly established as the only desirable one. There is no room to describe it in this article, but its development is leading to all voluntary units being slowly eliminated. In France now the Red Cross work is practically confined to the base, where it carries the wounded from the hospital trains to the hospitals. The army medical corps has been holding down the wastage from sickness all the way between the Yser and the Somme, during winter in a country like Flanders, to just half that in ordinary civil life. This is the best test of efficiency. A single case of typhoid diagnosed anywhere in the four armies would be known the same night at headquarters, and an inquiry made locally would follow automatically. "Trench feet" have almost become a misdemeanor, the corps' prophylactic measures being so successful. The chaos of the Middle Ages yielded to "the Lady of the Lamp"—Miss Florence Nightingale. Purely volunteer associations followed the Crimean War. The Sanitary Service Commission was developed in the American Civil War. The surgeon-officers, with a hybrid title, were the

next advance in the Egyptian and Boer campaigns. To-day the despised leech and barber-surgeon is a fully recognized officer of the line. The menace of innumerable irresponsible and half-qualified society would-be comforters was only a passing phase. It was, however, very clearly recognized. At Verdun, in Russia, in Serbia, and in Italy, and wherever big emergencies arise, the voluntary work of the Red Cross Society is still of great value.

What about prisoners?

I visited the families in France of many prisoners in Germany, and found everywhere the same tale. Those prisoners were not able to live on the food that Germany provided them with. Hundreds of tons of bread and fat go through the mails every week. I myself saw one little seamstress, herself an exile from the conquered north of France, her absent husband a member of the French Flying Corps, sending every week, from a house into which she had been hospitably received, ten packages of food at a time out of her tiny earnings to relations in German prisons. I always found her cheerful and optimistic on many delightful visits paid to the house. We know now that we did not understand the French before. We English have learned not only to appreciate them but to love them. We have gauged them too much by the "Vie Parisienne" and the "Petit Journal Pour Rire."

A prominent Russian lady in London permitted me to take a small share in her noble work of an exactly similar character, only for Russians. Day after day and night after night she and her daughter and close friends pack up and despatch bundles of food to individual prisoners in Germany. Among her immense personal correspondence with them were most terribly pathetic and touching incidents. It almost brought tears into one's eyes to read letters from two Russian generals thanking her for having sent them parcels of bread.

I had no opportunity of seeing German prisoners concentrated, but I saw wounded

prisoners in our hospitals. They were dressed in the familiar blue, like all our own wounded, and you could not tell them apart. I have seen them with their arms around our men, and I like to think of this as an earnest of the future when Englishmen and Germans, having learned to know each other better, though in this terrible way, may one day again become brothers. It would be unthinkable to suppose that we could not be friends with them again. I know many Germans whom I love.

The German wounded prisoners were treated exactly as our men were. I never saw an unkindness to one of them. I am thankful that England does not condescend to retaliations.

One of our doctors, who was taken prisoner on the retreat from Mons, was allowed to come back after ten months' imprisonment. Among other tales of horror he told us, I remember his saying that for inadvertently neglecting to salute a non-commissioned officer the officer was ordered to come up and strike the doctor. The officer hit him under the jaw, knocking him right down. The doctor told us that a private had been bayoneted for resisting such brutality, and he himself offered no resistance.

My own cousin, a young doctor, was treated so abominably on being taken prisoner that on being sent back later he enlisted to try and get even. He is now a prisoner again. He has had much better treatment this time, being interesting "medical material," and has been exhibited before medical societies as a specimen.

Are the Germans cruel?

Systematically so. It is part of "frightfulness." It is the result of the Emperor's order for the policy of the Huns, and because they justify any act they want to by saying, "It is necessary." Almost any specific incident will be sufficient to illustrate this. Thus England and France are obliged to pay eleven million dollars per month now to keep the Belgian civil population from starving; besides which the name of Mr. Rockefeller is worshiped in Belgium. He is clothing to-day the naked by the thousands, and has saved countless lives from starvation. Governor-General von Bissing, who shot Nurse Cavell, has a policy all ready in case these supplies stop. It is simplicity itself. The entire population of women and children will be driven at the point of German bayonets across the trenches. The remaining male

population will earn their living in German ammunition factories or by tilling the land for their new masters. Of course a great many would die. "It is necessary."

An old fisherman friend, lying wounded at Yarmouth, told me that after a submarine had sunk his sailing-boat and turned the four men adrift at sea the Germans fired a few shots at them as they rowed away. He was hit through the thigh—an unarmed fisherman.

A little boy of twelve, in a school kept by an American lady near Brussels, cried out, "*Vive la France!*" to some passing soldiers he took to be French. They halted, and shot him at once.

As to another excuse, it seems cruel to us to learn that the bones of the starved Russians in Poland were collected for making nitroglycerine for the benefit of others. The excuse of "unauthorized zeal" would hardly satisfy a Frenchman or an Englishman.

The Allies think that the Americans have a touch of the Athenian special interest in "news." Thus the day I landed every paper quoted from a long written statement of the German Governor of Poland that Germany can feed Poland until the next harvest is ready. But it does not interest an Englishman, even if one could believe what they wrote; because they know very well that they don't mean to do it, and that the Poles are dying by the roadsides in such numbers that unless food is sent in from England and America two and a half million more will die of starvation before next October. An American who has just motored for six weeks in Poland tells me that, over two hundred and fifty miles of road, there were so many cradles with dead children along the wayside that he soon ceased to take any notice of them.

Why do the Germans fight in mass formation?

From what I learned from the German wounded, the majority of Germans do not want to fight at all. Many have come over and gladly given themselves up, in spite of the extreme difficulty, both from behind and in front, of doing so. That is the real explanation of the dire threats of the Kaiser if his troops indulge in any more Christmas amenities. Once two hundred men came in together, and more would have come, only our men fired into them by mistake. They say that many more would come now, but that the Prussians have been scattered among them so as to make it impossible, and that fake surrenders, followed by shooting down the Allies'

men who were permitting them to approach, were made on purpose to render it impossible for the Allies to allow such approach. Over and over again we were told that the Germans fight in mass formation because large numbers will not attack at all without the stimulus of being shoulder to shoulder with other men. The Saxons, at least, out of all the Germans, never wanted to fight. Our men know that we will have good times in our trenches when Saxons are opposite them. Men who had been weeks in the trenches told me that they had never seen a German. Rifle firing began one day, when the men in the enemies' trenches shouted out, "We are Saxons. Better keep your ammunition. A Prussian regiment is going to relieve us to-night." All of which turned out to be perfectly true.

No, it isn't want of courage that causes this. The way the Imperial Guard perished almost to a man at the Aisne rather than retire proves that. It is plain hatred of this war. On the other hand, wounded Gordon Highlanders and wounded Suffolk men straight from the recapture of the "International Trench" at Ypres in March told me that the Germans opposite threw away their rifles and ran helter-skelter long before our men got into the German trenches. There isn't to-day any doubt whatever in France that the German soldiers haven't their heart in it.

Another great marvel to those at the front is that any mechanistic devices whatever of so small a body of men could supply enough stimulus to keep a big, resentful army going. Drugs, shooting from behind, and the shoulder touch of comrades in khaki can't supply the spiritual motive of the "Comrade in White."

Are the German soldiers doped before they go into action?

They have been on occasions without any question. Ether is what appears to be used. Beyond a tiny tot of rum no dope has ever been given, or needed, by the English or French. In the general headquarters in France I saw on the wall a notice with a deep black border all around it; it was dated June, 1915, and it read: "Sacred to the memory of the rum ration; gone, but not forgotten!"

The colonel of the Cavalry Field Ambulance, who was riding a Uhlan horse (stamped U. 10 on his hind quarters) as we talked, and who had accompanied the army from Mons to the Aisne, told me that he saw, and others with him, at the last battle the mass

attack of the Germans from quite close. They were mown down by machine-gun fire until there was quite a heap about a hundred yards from their front; and then the oncoming column, who were eight abreast, and all arm in arm, were jumping up and down singing. Suddenly they turned and went round and round the heap of dead until they also became part of it. He was absolutely sure they were intoxicated with something. He did not see one man fire except from the hip; and this has been noted also before Verdun. It does not exactly suggest sobriety. Drugged prisoners have also been taken.

Are the Turks as cruel to prisoners as the Germans?

No. They obey orders; and no orders of frightfulness have been issued by Turkish officers. At first, in Gallipoli, they took no prisoners; but because they were told by Germans not to. Both in the Egyptian campaign and in Europe they have treated prisoners badly only when forced to. No love is lost between Turkish and German officers. They would not go to the same hotels on the Egyptian expedition. A number of German officers have been murdered in Constantinople.

How about Verdun?

The Germans brought half a million men from the Russian front to take it. General von Bissing said that they were prepared to sacrifice that number to take it. They have paid up to date a quarter of a million. What they want is the moral effect, not the piece of country, though they have a lurking hope that its fall might smash the spirit of France. There are two classes of people in Germany to-day: the military leaders who know they cannot beat the Allies, but hope they may drive the war to a stalemate; and there are the soldiers and the people who still believe they have won, and for whom it is necessary that Verdun should be taken to keep up the delusion.

Is there a shortage of tonnage following the loss of so many ships?

Certainly, though how serious it is difficult for us to find out. That Germany should reply concerning the Sussex that they had sunk some ship, but they had not even found out what her name was, was only considered by those on the other side to be exactly what the Germans claim is their fixed policy. Therefore they didn't shout about it. Personally I should like to see the largest German ship in American waters rechristened the Lusitania and sent to sea for transatlantic passengers;

the next largest, the Ancona; and another rechristened the Sussex, etc. After all, their crews are sailors, and it might be valuable if their confinement camp were on board—with-out being cruel.

What do the Germans think of our many notes?

The Germans don't understand them, because it is both their philosophy and their religion that "*Deutschland*" must be "*über Alles*." And they know the Americans know this. Naturally they don't understand why America appears surprised if they murder any one they like in any way they like, or do anything they like to attain their end. They seem, however, to have a sort of academic interest in notes; it seems to be their German nature.

How will the end of the war come?

Some say it must be through military victories in the field. Personally, without more help I fear this cannot be for some while, but I am equally sure it can be. Some Americans who have recently been through Poland and Germany are skeptical as to whether, without the neutral Powers' aid in this matter, which is really a matter for the world police, the Allies can do better than a stalemate.

Will the war end soon?

No, I do not think it will. The general opinion is that it will last a long time longer, yet not a single soul doubts that the Allies will win in the end. They have no fear whatever for their lines in France. The medical corps, with the work of which I am best acquainted, has unconsciously illustrated this confidence by having erected permanent hospitals so close behind the lines that a man receiving an abdominal or chest wound can be on the operating-table in two hours, and has been in one; they have nurses and hospital beds now so close behind our lines that they are under heavy gun-fire. I saw more than one which had been rudely disturbed by a shell while the surgeons were operating.

Why do the Allies feel that they must win?

Intuitively, quite apart from argument, they know that right will triumph.

The majority both of the English and the French, of whom only, among the Allies, I have had personal experience, realize that it is a great moral issue that is at stake. Democracy, even personal freedom, and the right to exist independently of the slavery of a huge military autocracy, are threatened. To save those who come after them from

such a world is the ideal before their eyes. With them it is a real religious crusade. For that they are willing to make the supreme sacrifice of death to their last man and last dollar.

Are they antagonistic to Americans?

No, they are not. They know that the spirit of America is with them. They value the personal sacrifices made to demonstrate this. But they do not think (1) that America has ventured to acknowledge publicly this moral issue; or that, if she has realized it, she is willing (2) to make any sacrifice greater than dollars to attain it. Remembering her idealism in her Civil War, they do not understand why this is so. No, they don't think that fear of the "hyphenateds" is any real factor. They know America sympathizes, but I did not meet any, from the lowest to the highest, who thought that she meant really to fight. When I landed and walked New York streets again, it seemed impossible to advocate that these safe and prosperous people in the streets should actually go to join the men in the blood-stained trenches that one has just come from in Flanders, and sacrifice their lives for any idealism whatever, though that is exactly what I have been advising my own people to do.

It is not sentimental to say that the Allies in their trenches are sustained by the firm belief that there are worse sacrifices than death. I know this to be true from the men I have myself seen, though mangled and dying, with the light of perfect joy on their faces. One man gripped my hand and, looking up into my face, said: "I did my bit, didn't I, doctor?" The assurance that there could be only one answer is the light in the Valley of Shadows that endures when that of "prosperity" is left behind.

I am quite sure that the Germans do not want America to fight. Most certainly they do not believe that she will.

Do the Allies want America to enter the war?

I have met very few with personal experience who have not wished it, for America's sake as well as for the Allies; yet every one recognizes the immense value of the supplies America sent over last year in the time of supreme need. Things have changed for the better, however, in that line of late.

One of the last men I spoke to in England was a young American of a wealthy family who was drilling in an English Tommy's uniform in the parks at Oxford. He was

three years with me in Labrador; and then served seven months at the front. His hospital was a mile or two behind the line. It was all canvas and covered with red crosses. A single *Taube* circled over it one day, low down—and he and his friends spent the rest of the evening gathering and burying the remains of their wounded. With twenty-four other Americans he enlisted after this. This is a better expression of their opinion than any academic statement. Before I left he told me he had been to the American Embassy to ask how serving the King would affect his American citizenship. In his own words: "What do you think the secretary said to me, and that without a smile? I should forfeit the protection of the American flag!"

I may mention here that a number of stretcher-bearers who bring in the wounded from between the lines told me they no longer wear the Geneva Cross brassard, stating that the white part of it simply helped the Germans to see to shoot them.

You have asked me for bald facts, and I give them because I love America, and because I know that my friends will understand that I am no militarist. My forebears have all been fighters; but I have expressed my own attitude in the field of life I have selected; yet to every one of those whom I love best, and who have asked me whether they should remain in peace and safety or fight and die, I have always advised them this time to go and die if necessary, and many have done it.

Talking to some men behind the lines one day, one told me that as he and his friend were sitting eating their lunch in the trench a shrieking "Jack Johnson" tore through the parapet, passed between him and his chum, and buried itself in the mud below. It did not explode, however. Whereupon his friend remarked: "Never mind, Bill, it's an American—it's too proud to fight." And they went on with their lunch.

A Sunday-school class of six little boys last Sunday at Cambridge were asked, "What is the Golden Rule?" They replied, "Safety first."

The moral setback to Germany of America's joining the Allies would be a sufficient counter-effect even to the fall of Verdun. It would be of more value towards hastening possible peace terms than anything that could happen. It would give the militants an excuse for backing down, and assure the people that conditions would not be simply vindictive. All the

men I saw who take life at all in earnest, and have seen for themselves what a German triumph would mean, are unable to understand how any one can be neutral now, any more than they can understand a person being neutral about prostitution or piracy. Not one of them can understand how a democracy could exist in a world in which the German ideal was triumphant. Even if the Allies win unaided, they will feel a sort of sorrow that a country as idealistic as American individual sympathy proves America still to be, should have to live in a world made tolerable only by her kith and kin after a gigantic struggle in which she had had no part. All the best men that I talked it over with felt that this is the only real danger to America; those that really love America always said they hoped she might see this in time. Many foreigners assume that America is completely commercialized; but those of us who have lived long in America know that below any superficial appearance there is always an essential idealism to which one can appeal.

Are the English laboring classes opposed to the war?

No. That is utterly false. If there was ever any hesitancy, the "Zeppelin cure" has long ago banished it. On the other hand, men of every color, from every quarter of the earth, men of twenty-four free peoples, are fighting under the British flag. Has the world ever seen such a force? The veriest pessimist must see hope in such unparalleled sacrifices for a "mere moral issue."

Two astounding facts face one continually close to the fighting: (1) A mechanistic system so marvelous that every day brings new discoveries of its efficiency—and one hears repeatedly, "Oh, we learned that from the Germans;" (2) the sublime blunder of the men who are ignorant that it must inevitably collapse sooner or later just because it ignores the spiritual motive as being "unpractical," though that is the only real preservative. Thus the Germans were clever enough to destroy the largest and fastest ocean liner in service in the face of the whole British fleet, and yet foolish enough not to know that, compared with their own spiritual disaster, the material gain was utterly inappreciable.

Do not the English desire to make a propaganda in the United States, as the Germans have?

The Allies respect themselves and their judgment of America's common sense apparently better than Germany does. But the

Allies believe that the answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is, "Yes, you are," and, believing that, they are making the supreme sacrifice to live it out. And already for every man they lose they realize that from the inspiration of this sacrifice two more recruits are enlisted.

What about Christians fighting?

One member of the family of nations has temporarily run amuck and is destroying the rest, and the temporary expedient of the use of force is the necessary chastisement of a world under law. It will only hasten the establishment of a world police, a recognition of the ideal of the international family under God that Americans left Europe to found—without any need for a Kaiser to be its channel of culture.

What is your view of America's position?

America must know that the cruel methods practiced by Germany accord with the ac-

cepted teaching of her philosophers, and that her soldiers are simply loyal to the military tyrants who are aiming at a world in which all culture, and eventually the kingdom of righteousness, is to come on earth through a divinely appointed Emperor. It puzzles me, therefore, why America worries over the details and does not admit that to escape what must result if Germany wins was exactly what necessitated America's birth. She stands for a family of all nations under God—equal, free, and happy. For this idea France and England are giving their life-blood. America is looking on and getting rich. I have counseled all I love most on earth to enter on the side of the Allies. I have stood by their graves "somewhere in France." Love is a more durable factor for peace than war. But force is love sometimes, and, though we do not like it, *via crucis* is now the only *via lucis*.

DISRAELI

BY E. S. NADAL

I HAD two opportunities of seeing Disraeli—once in 1871. At that time I used to hear him speak in the House of Commons, but never heard anything very interesting. One quality was noticeable in his way of speaking. This was his deference. An old Member of Parliament once told me that he thought this was one of the causes of Disraeli's Parliamentary success. The House of Commons, as my friend explained, was an extremely conceited body, and Disraeli's deferential manner on getting up to speak, as if he were quite overcome with the consciousness of his own temerity in venturing to raise his voice in so august an assembly, seemed to please them. He was out of office at that time. He had been Prime Minister, and was of course one of the most celebrated men in England. But he was much like other celebrated people. When I came back in 1877, he had become a god. There was nothing in what he had done in the meantime to justify this difference; the change was in people's minds rather than in him. There is a story that is much like him and will give an idea of what he was at this time. As he was leaving a house he asked some one to give him his arm down Piccadilly. The man,

who must have been a person of some wit, said, "At such a time as this I should wish to be met by my creditors." "No," said Disraeli, "it is not at such times that your creditors meet you. Your creditors meet you when you are carrying a bundle." There you have the literary quality of the man.

When Disraeli was Prime Minister for the second time, in 1874 to 1881, you never saw him anywhere except at Court or in the House of Lords. He would be sometimes at Court, looking deathly pale, his hair dyed black, with an elaborate and carefully designed black lock pasted down on his forehead, which increased his pallor. While I did not know Disraeli personally, I had, however, some acquaintance with several of his secretaries, who were themselves pretty great men, and from whom I have heard things about him. Montagu Corry, whom he made a peer (which action reminded Robert Lowe of Caligula's making his horse a consul), was his principal secretary. After returning from the Berlin Conference, he told me some incidents about Disraeli. He said that Bismarck was very fond of Disraeli and that he had three portraits in his library—Princess Bismarck, the Emperor William, and Disraeli—

and that when you came to see Bismarck it was his habit to point to these three pictures in succession and to pronounce the words, "My wife, my King, my friend." He said that at the time of the Berlin Conference, on the last occasion on which Bismarck came to see Disraeli, Disraeli told him (Corry) to come back to him at one o'clock. Accordingly Corry went in at that hour. He saw that Disraeli looked annoyed—how watchful such a secretary is of the moods of his chief!—and Corry reminded him that he had told him to come to him at one o'clock. At this Bismarck rose and said, "Is this your ultimatum, my lord?" "It is, my prince," Disraeli replied. I have forgotten what the ultimatum was—perhaps the cession of Cyprus. Corry's affection for and pride in his chief as he related these incidents to me were evident. I have heard various stories of the way Corry entered Disraeli's service. In "Endymion" Disraeli expresses the opinion that the best way to get a private secretary is to advertise for one. He says that if you consult a friend you are pretty sure to have a job put on you. I dare say, where the employer has such eyes and such judgment as Disraeli had, to advertise is the best way. One story I have heard of the first meeting of Disraeli and Corry is that it was at a country house where they both were. Corry was entertaining a children's party, which I should imagine he could do extremely well. After the entertainment Disraeli came up to him and said, "I'll be your impresario." Corry was one of those men who have a delight in pleasing. He told me he liked nothing better than to find himself at some place where he was entirely unknown, as at a Swiss hotel, for instance, and then to see what he could do. I have watched him with envy going through the lancers or quadrille at a ball. The young men of fashion at that time, or rather the more clever and cheeky among them, when walking through these dances, had a habit of putting in a great many flourishes and capers which were not necessary to the figure, to which the girls responded in kind. Corry was good at that.

All Disraeli's young men were smart, had a look of fashion, and they were all devoted to him, as he well knew. Fancy deceiving the eyes of Disraeli on such a point as that! The next man to Corry was Lord Barrington, who, without the sprightliness of Corry, was a man of smart appearance and a good

fellow. These two men were at Disraeli's bedside when he died, each holding a hand of their venerated friend. When I was last in London, I met still another former secretary of Disraeli's, who gave me some examples of Disraeli's wit and wisdom. The specimens he gave me were not particularly good, the narrator's feeling evidently being that anything that came from Disraeli must be interesting. But I could not help thinking that such affection and such devotion to a man who had been dead thirty years, and who had no more decorations or salaries to give away, were alike honorable to the man who felt and the man who had inspired them. Perhaps this sentiment was in part the reflection of Disraeli's kindness to them. His wife, it is true, said that he was cold in friendship, and she, no doubt, knew. But, with such penetration as Disraeli had, there probably was a good deal of sympathy. Besides, it is natural for an old man to like what is young. Disraeli, I dare say, was interested in his secretaries. I have tried unsuccessfully to find a passage I have read in "Endymion," upon what might be called the happy life of a private secretary, in which Disraeli expresses the opinion that the situation of a private secretary, with the official correspondence and the tea and toast on the waiter, was not such a bad one.

Disraeli is often supposed to have been a vindictive and revengeful person. There are incidents in his career which look as if he might have been that; for instance, his St. Barb in "Endymion," which was no doubt in revenge for the rhapsody on the Jewish quarter with which Thackeray opened "Coddingsby," and his insertion of Goldwin Smith in "Lothair" as "a social parasite." If he had said that Smith was an egotist and had an opinion of himself which his achievements or his degree of intellectual originality did not warrant; that he had knowledge and scholarship and a fine literary style, with not much to say, he might not have been so wide of the mark; but a social parasite, or a parasite of any kind! I should have thought it the last thing he was. It was not Disraeli's way, however, to bother himself much about the truth. He merely wished to say something that would insult and injure. I have heard men who have served long with him in the House of Commons say that he had lived all his Parliamentary life in an atmosphere of hate—hate chiefly from the Tories, who were compelled to follow him, and to whom his ideas, methods, and personality were most

antipathetic. But I doubt if he returned this hatred. He had that toughness and insensibility which was the inheritance of his race, and without which they would long ago have succumbed under the weight of persecution, of enmity and aversion, of which they have been the objects. It was Gladstone's opinion that Disraeli was not vindictive, and he ought to have known. He said so to a friend of mine, adding, "I don't think he dislikes me, for instance."

Although he had certain Jewish qualities, I should say that some of his qualities were not at all Jewish. He had the Jewish courage and pertinacity, but he had also intuition, genius, and humor. These last, I should think, were not distinctively Jewish qualities. There are Jews who have them, numbers of them, no doubt. Heine, for instance. It would be hard to find any one who had more intuition and insight than my dear friend Miss Emma Lazarus. Of course these qualities are rare in all races. But my observation is that they are especially rare among Jews. I was once a teacher of English literature in an American college and had a number of Jews among the students. Whatever they could do with ambition and conscientious labor—qualities more important than genius and taste—they would accomplish. But the appreciation of literature requires special innate qualities which cannot be got up, and in these I thought they were not the equals of the other young people. It is often said that they are deficient in humor. The fact that they have little sense of the ridiculous may be one reason of the inability they often show to keep out of ridiculous situations. But, of course, one knows Jews who have humor.

The great place which Disraeli had in London from 1875 to 1881 was one of several causes to improve the position of Jews there at that time. Another was the rise of the artistic and literary society which came into existence about that time. The wealthy Jews were much in contact with this society. Of this improved position you saw many results. Probably one of these was the whitewashing of Shylock by the actor Irving. Another was perhaps the "Daniel Deronda" of George Eliot. I remember one of her expressions which might have been suggested by Disraeli. She speaks of the "vivid gravity" of the countenance of her Hebrew hero. Disraeli's face was not unlike that.

If the reader is able to find much reality in the figures which Disraeli intro-

duced into his novels, or to take more than a languid interest in their fortunes, it is more than I can do. There is indeed a dour, sullen, handsome creature in "Coningsby" who has some life and attraction, but she is an exception. But there is one very real and striking character which one sees in the background behind these lay figures. It is that of Disraeli himself. When he speaks, you at once become interested. There is a young Government clerk in "Endymion," the sole object of whose life is to get into good society. It is a fairly good sketch, but Disraeli's criticism of him is much more interesting than the man himself, as when he tells us that it was wonderful what he accomplished, and that the first requisite in such an undertaking is the determination to succeed.

Disraeli's remarks on life and manners are always interesting. It is interesting to hear from one of the greatest figures in Europe, who is at the same time so near and real to us, remarks which we should expect from a poet or a humorist; to be told, for instance, by a Prime Minister of England that the hansom cab is the gondola of London, that the worst kind of dress is the shabby genteel, or that it is a very dull fellow who thinks he can afford to neglect women. Disraeli is not so much a literary artist as an interesting character.

I heard Disraeli speak a number of times in Parliament, but I don't suppose it was the kind of speaking he did when he was attacking Peel in the forties about the Corn Laws. My office was near the Houses of Parliament, and, as I had always a seat, I used often to go into one of the houses for an hour or so. I heard many good and interesting speeches, but nothing very remarkable as eloquence. I think the best thing I heard was a little ten minutes' speech on British birds by the Duke of Argyll. In speaking he seemed to get rid of that toploftical, cock-sparrow look he usually carried about with him. It was a little high and grand, but no more than was proper to the place. He spoke in the tone of conversation, scarcely using a gesture. There were in the speech a finish, a polite ease, and a tranquil pleasure in beauty that were delightful. A daughter of his said afterwards, "I don't think he knows anything about birds," from which it was to be inferred that he could have spoken as well on many other subjects.

THE GARDEN CHILD

BY ALINE KILMER

Once in my childhood I knew a small garden
Shut in by gray pickets and crowded with grass;
Old flowers grew in it, clove pinks and white lilies,
And moss roses choked up the path with their mass.

It lay all alone in a curve of a river
Where little gray boats floated by on the tide;
No dwelling was near it, no pathway led to it,
And the harsh river grasses crept up on each side.

Speedwell and lavender, small brown chrysanthemums,
Mixed in great tangles where myrtle ran wild,
And sweetly mysterious, safe though unguarded,
Lay hid in a corner the grave of a child.

Often I wondered if that child had played there,
Played there as I, twining wreaths for my hair;
When the pickets were white and the flowers were tended,
And no little grave hid its mystery there.

Who were the people who once had lived near there,
Making the wilderness bloom like a rose;
Who left life a dream, leaving nothing behind them
But the grave of a child in a small garden close?

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FIFTY years ago I saw my country pass through the valley of the shadow of death and emerge upon the other side into the light of a better day. Perhaps it is for this reason that I experience less tremor of anxiety now than some of my contemporaries. I propose here to retell briefly some of the scenes and incidents which immediately preceded the inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4, 1861. They seem to me to throw some light on present duties. But I shall tell the story without attempting to trace the parallel or draw the moral.

The election of Abraham Lincoln in November, 1860, was followed immediately by an active preparation for revolt in the South. The Judge and District Attorney of the United States Court in South Carolina at once tendered their resignations. The resignations of the United States Senators followed. The Legislature, by resolution unanimously passed, called a State Convention to consider the future relations of South Carolina with the United States. Palmetto flags were set a-flying and minute-men paraded the streets of Charleston. Drilling of soldiers in preparation for possible war began. The market value of plantation slaves fell fifty per cent. Travel from the North ceased. Economy became a fashion. Concerts, balls, and even weddings were discontinued. In the Episcopal churches prayer for the President of the United States by common consent ceased. The new Governor of South Carolina, inaugurated December 17, expressed the common purpose of the people in saying that "South Carolina is resolved to assert her separate independence, and, as she acceded separately to the compact of Union, so she will most assuredly secede separately and alone, be the consequences what they may." The State Convention passed an ordinance of secession unanimously. The news was received with cheers, with a salute of guns and the ringing of church chimes. Other States rapidly followed. Early in February a Confederacy, including the six cotton States, was organized at Montgomery, Alabama. There should have been no misunderstanding in the North of the significance of these events.

They meant either surrender to the slave power or civil war. But none are so blind as those who will not see.

Threats of disunion had been common in National elections ever since the nullification movement under Calhoun in 1832. They were abundant in the campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. The North had heard the cry, "Wolf! Wolf!" so often that the warning ceased to warn. But conservatives took the cry seriously. Webster's fear of "States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood," were sincere. The apprehensions which carried through Congress the compromise measures of 1850 were real apprehensions and, as the event proved, well founded. A few radicals believed them well founded. I had written to my cousin as early as 1856 that I anticipated war and was ready for the battle. I preferred half a Nation free to a whole Nation slave. But I had been a great admirer of Daniel Webster. As I was converted to the anti-slavery cause partly by inherited sympathies, partly by the eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher, my anticipations of a civil war were not improbably a left-over from earlier and boyish impressions. In 1860 by Republicans generally the cry of "Save the Union!" was regarded as a political slogan, and the carefully cultivated fears of secession were regarded as a political bogey.

The post-election preparations in the South for armed resistance to the United States Government wrought at once a revolution in Northern sentiment. The men who loved peace more than liberty and feared war more than the perpetuation of injustice came to the front. The pacifists of that time, organized and unorganized, brought forward all manner of plans for pacification. It was proposed to let the erring sisters go in peace; to reenact the Missouri Compromise and allow slavery to exist in territories south of a designated line; to secure Mr. Lincoln's resignation and proceed to another Presidential election; to secure the adhesion of the border States to the Union by compromise and let the cotton States go. On the same day that the cotton States met at Montgomery

to form a Southern Confederacy a peace convention met at Washington to consider these various plans and endeavor to work out some scheme of compromise. In this convention twenty-one States were represented, and among the delegates were men of high character and recognized leadership. But it came to nothing. No common ground could be found for Republicans who demanded acquiescence in Lincoln's election, Southerners who demanded Constitutional guarantees for slavery, and Northern conservatives willing to accede to almost anything to prevent disunion.

James Buchanan, elected President four years before by a coalition of Southern advocates of slavery and Northern advocates of compromise, was a man of good intentions, but without either the intellectual or the moral strength required for such a crisis. In his conduct of the Administration during the Kansas imbroglio he had shown himself possessed of too much conscience to be the subservient tool of the slave power, and of too little courage to be its frank and fearless enemy. He belonged to that very considerable class of public men whose only method of determining what their public action shall be is by endeavoring to foresee its probable consequences. He was guided by his hopes and fears, not by his faith in any great moral principle. He could not have followed Emerson's advice and hitched his wagon to a star, because he could not see the star. In his Message of December 3 following the election of Mr. Lincoln he argued against disunion. He appealed to the North by declaring that a State had no right to secede; he appealed to the South by declaring that the Government had no right to coerce a State if it did secede. He attempted to settle the controversy between North and South by the pleasing assumption that there is always truth on both sides, an assumption often made, but not always true, and in great crises never a remedy. His Attorney-General, Jeremiah Black, attempted to show him a way out: Do not coerce a State, he said; simply collect the taxes, which is a sufficient exercise of Federal authority for the present. For this purpose you do not need to take possession of the Custom-House in Charleston; you can put a revenue cutter in the harbor. But this counsel required doing something, not merely saying something, and doing something required a courage which President Buchanan did not possess. The

Attorney-General resigned because the President was too pacific. Secretary Cass and Secretary Cobb followed him, Secretary Cobb because the President was not pacific enough. The disorganized Administration did nothing to prepare for the impending war. The Southern Confederacy, with far fewer resources, pushed forward its preparations with great energy.

It is perhaps the greatest weakness of the United States Constitution that it provides an interregnum of four months between the election of a new President in November and his inauguration in March. The outgoing President hesitates to initiate any policy, partly because he cannot execute it, partly because it will embarrass his successor. The incoming President cannot initiate any policy because he has no authority. During this interregnum, from November 7, 1860, to March 4, 1861, the country drifted—drifted. The official leader of the people refused to lead. The people, confused by a multitude of unofficial and conflicting leaders, could do nothing.

Mr. Lincoln did not assume leadership. He answered frankly and fearlessly any questions put to him by any one who had a right to question, but he took no part in the increasing public agitation in the North. The people had decided by the election what to do, and had intrusted him with the doing of it. The time for discussion had passed; the time for action had come; and he waited till the time should arrive when he would have authority to embody in action the decision of the people. In his Cooper Union speech, delivered on the evening of February 27, 1860, he had defined both the policy which the North should adopt and the principle upon which that policy was founded. The Republican party by nominating him had adopted that policy and that principle, and in his election both had been adopted by the Nation. The policy was: Slavery sectional, liberty National. The principle I quote in his own words:

"If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality—its universality. If it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension—its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant if they thought it wrong."

This speech has been deservedly praised

for its clearness, its compact reasoning, and its condensed and accurate history. A contemporaneous critic says of it: "A single, easy, simple sentence of plain Anglo-Saxon words contains a chapter of history that, in some instances, has taken days of labor to verify, and which must have cost the author months of investigation to acquire." What in that speech most impressed me, one of the audience, was its clearness of moral vision and its strength of moral purpose. With nothing of the dramatic brilliance of John B. Gough, or the passionate emotionalism of Henry Ward Beecher, or the rapier-like keenness of Wendell Phillips, or the cultivated grace of George William Curtis, it had a moral power unsurpassed by that of any orator I have ever heard. It possessed a kind of indefinable force such as I imagine might have characterized Moses in giving the Ten Commandments to Israel.

The issue then was not as clear as it seems now; the grounds for compromise seemed greater. The argument of the slaveholder was very simple and, if his premise was granted, unanswerable. The slave was property and was implicitly recognized as property by the Constitution. Every citizen of the United States had a right to have his property protected in every part of the United States. Therefore the slaveholder had a right to take his slave into any Territory of the United States and into the several States. The argument of the Northern conservatives was equally simple. No benefit to the slave could compensate for the disaster to the Nation and to the world from the disruption of the Union. The answer to both arguments was that furnished by Abraham Lincoln in his Cooper Union speech: If slavery was right, the slaveholders were entitled to carry their slaves with them into every part of the United States; if slavery was wrong, the North had no right to allow slaves to be carried into States and Territories from which the North had Constitutional authority to exclude them. If slavery was right, no compromise with it was necessary; if slavery was wrong, no compromise with slavery was justifiable.

During that trying interregnum, when a timid, vacillating President, guided by his fears, not by his faith, pursued a policy of gentle persuasion, while traitors in his Cabinet conspired for the overthrow of the Government which they had sworn to protect and co-operated with citizens outside who, with an almost fanatical enthusiasm, believed their

first loyalty was due to their State, not to the Nation, Mr. Lincoln spoke no word of bitterness against either the President at Washington, his disloyal counselors, or the secessionists in the South. His first speech after his election expressed the spirit which never departed from him. "In all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish any hard feelings towards any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling." But this kindliness of feeling was accompanied with a heroic inflexibility of purpose. To every suggestion of compromise, and many were made to him, he had but one answer, repeated again and again in conversation and in letters: "Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again; all our labor is lost and sooner or later must be done over."

No pacifist of his day was more eager for peace than Abraham Lincoln. Nothing he ever wrote has greater pathetic power than the appeal to the South with which he closed his first inaugural: "I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." But when South Carolina responded to this plea for peace by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln made no further plea. Fort Sumter fell on the 14th of April. On the 15th of April the President issued his call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to protect the honor of the Nation. With that call ended the spirit of pacifism in the perplexed people, and the conflicting and futile plans for compromise which that spirit had inspired. And throughout the four years' tragedy of the awful war which followed never once did Mr. Lincoln swerve from the conviction that peace is never to be made with unrighteousness, never to be purchased at the expense of liberty and justice.

At length the war drew toward its close. General McClellan was nominated by the Democratic party on a peace platform. And

Horace Greeley, the foremost pacifist of his time, who in 1860 had proposed to purchase peace by letting the South secede, made another effort to open peace negotiations with the Southern Confederacy. The question of Mr. Lincoln's re-election was approaching. The result was gravely doubted. Mr. Greeley was among the doubters. A scheme was concocted, whether by friends of the Confederacy or by ambitious busybodies or by both combined is not quite clear, to seduce Mr. Lincoln into taking action which would create a public impression that he was suing for peace. Mr. Greeley, whose humane sentiments were greater than his knowledge of men, allowed himself to become the negotiator for these schemes. He wrote to the President a passionate plea for peace, urging him to open negotiations with pseudo peace commissioners from the South. "I venture to remind you," he wrote, "that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country also longs for peace; shudders at the prospect of fresh conscriptions, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood. And a widespread conviction that the Government and its prominent supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater in the approaching elections." Mr. Lincoln promptly replied that if Mr. Greeley could find any person, anywhere, professing to have any proposition from Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery, Mr. Greeley might bring him to the President. This offer brought no other response than a further effort for an unconditional peace conference, to which Mr. Lincoln replied in the following explicit paper:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, July 18, 1864.

To Whom It May Concern:

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe-conduct both ways.

Nothing came of this because there was no person authorized by or in behalf of the Southern Confederacy to consider peace on any such terms. Nine months later came the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox Court-House, and with it peace on the only terms on which abiding peace can ever be attained—by a decisive victory over wrong. Some one has recently called attention to the difference between a pacifist and a pacificator. Horace Greeley was a pacifist. The pacificators of that time were Abraham Lincoln and General Grant.

Probably nothing could have prevented the Civil War. The difference between the feudalism of the South and the democracy of the North was too radical to be settled by argument, and the passions which had been excited both by a mistaken conscience and an unscrupulous ambition were too intense to be assuaged except by blood. But it is certain that the war was needlessly prolonged by the unpreparedness of the North, the compromising spirit in Northern pacifists, and the timidity and vacillation of the Nation's President.

I have great respect for many of the pacifist leaders of this time, as I had for those of fifty-five years ago. Some among them I esteem as personal friends. But their supreme wish for peace is not mine. As long as there is injustice in the world, so long I wish to war against it. Whether in this eternal war against wrong one shall fight with voice or pen or sword must depend partly on the nature of the wrong, partly on the best method of attack, and partly on his personal abilities. But acquiescence in wrong or compromise with wrong—never!

I have lived through one terrible war, fought against slavery and secession, and have seen the peace won by that war blessing an emancipated and united people. I expect to see peace for the world won, as it was won for my own dear land, not by compromise with wrong, but by conquering it. I expect to see, though perhaps not with mortal eyes, the ocean untroubled by undersea pirates, the air undarkened by human birds of prey, and Europe, emancipated from the militarism which she has created, drawn together in a brotherhood transcending race, religion, and nationality, and inspired by a spirit of universal justice and universal liberty.

TWO WOMEN

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I—THE PRICE

Beauty she had, and health ; a brilliant mind ;
A talent that the whole world would have known.
All these, and youth, she flung away—oh, blind !—
Upon a man too weak to stand alone.
She dragged him from the slough where he was mired
And set him clean in honorable ways—
But she is faded now and dull and tired,
Poor background, that he quite forgets to praise.
See him, her patient martyrdom's one prize,
Whom to redeem she held the world well lost—
The smug, complacent face, the shallow eyes—
Was his salvation worth the price it cost ?
What was in him that only she could see ?
God, is she blind, this woman ? Or are we ?

II—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

A chill December night of sleet
Darkens upon the city street,
But in the house across the way
Soft-shaded lamps renew the day.
Blackly his figure stands outlined
Against the glowing room behind,
Turning from all the warmth and light
To stare into the night. . . .
Reading, she sits behind him there,
Contented in her easy-chair.
Dinner is served—she sets her mark,
Rises, and calls him from the dark,—
A trimly aproned parlor-maid
Draws down the shade.
Ah ! . . . it is time I draw my own
And light my lamp . . . and dine alone. . .

AMERICAN BUSINESS AS AFFECTED BY PEACE AND PREPAREDNESS

THE COMPOSITE OPINION OF 1,629 AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

INSTEAD of writing an original article for this issue of The Outlook, I have asked the editors to allow me to publish something that seems to me far more important and informing than anything that I could say.

It is the composite opinion of 1,629 American business men in regard to American business as affected by the political and economic conditions by which we are now, or may shortly be, confronted at home and abroad.

It is derived from an elaborate investigation made for their own and their clients' guidance by Harris, Winthrop & Co., a well-known firm of investment bankers having offices in both New York and Chicago.

The complete report and the letters which accompany it comprise a pamphlet of some sixty pages, advance proofs of which I have been permitted to read and which will probably be published about the same time as this issue of The Outlook.

As such documents do not generally circulate outside the comparatively limited circle of those to whom they are sent for financial reasons, and as this one seems to have exceptional public interest just now, I feel that I am doing a real service to the readers of The Outlook in putting it at their disposal. As it is difficult, if not impossible, to improve upon the bankers' summary of their own report and the conclusions to which it points, I quote it in full. I hope those who read it will agree with me as to its practical value to business men in the present somewhat perplexing situation. This is the report:

In January, 1915, we made an investigation into business conditions in the United States, the result of which we published in a pamphlet dealing with "The Present and Future of American Business."

This pamphlet came to have a wide circulation, and many of our friends have been good enough to say that it was at the time an important influence in re-establishing the confidence of the people of this country in themselves and the commercial future of the Nation.

Our previous inquiry was addressed to about two thousand men of affairs throughout the United States, and was sent out January 21, 1915. At that time many were in doubt whether this country could prosper while Europe was involved in a war which had then been in progress only five months.

The replies which we received and the letters that we were permitted to publish indicated the general individuality of confidence in the future of each respondent's business that has since been fused in the widespread commercial prosperity that we are now enjoying.

Such service as we may have rendered was in making faith infectious and encouraging a justifiable optimism which most people felt but hesitated to express.

We are now again confronted by a situation that engenders doubt. There are many who fear that we shall have a business recession in the United States with the advent of peace in Europe.

This fear is due to the belief that our present prosperity is artificial and abnormal in that it is the result of the war-induced demand for our products and the protection to our industry which the present military pre-occupation of Europe provides.

With the object of ascertaining whether this apprehension was justified by the intrinsic facts, we submitted some seventeen questions to about forty-five hundred men of affairs throughout the United States, including all those who had answered our previous inquiry. Our investigation included every State, the number of business men addressed in each State being proportioned to its population.

[The questions referred to will be found on the accompanying double-page table.]

Those replying were asked to cross out the answers least accurately describing the conditions inquired about, and to amplify their views by writing us at great length if convenient.

In the selection of those whose opinions we have thus sought to obtain, we have included but few bankers and have omitted

altogether the business men of Greater New York.

We are particular to explain our action in this respect lest it be regarded as invidious. Our purpose has been to obtain a reading of the business mind of the United States at first hand rather than through the eyes of bankers who must view events in the light of their financial trusteeship, or men of large affairs who live in New York and are precluded by the very isolation of their metropolitan residence from anything more than a vicarious knowledge of conditions outside this great city.

It is only proper to say that we approached this investigation with the feeling that the dependence of the country upon the foreign demand for our goods had been exaggerated, and in submitting the questionnaire to our correspondents we so informed them, closing our letter of transmittal with the following statement :

The aggregate of our foreign trade, including both imports and exports, is about five and one-half billions. Our domestic commerce is competently estimated at about one hundred billions. The purchasing power of our population is greater than that of any other people in the world. Economically, we are self-contained. If the balance between domestic production and consumption is fairly well preserved, and we do not unnecessarily alarm ourselves over conditions that affect us but remotely, our progress ought to be undisturbed.

We have received in all some 1,629 replies, which we have summarized in tabular form, according to geographical districts. [This summary will be found on pages 226 and 227 of *The Outlook*.]

The summary speaks for itself and requires but little explanatory comment. Of those answering the first question, about one-half feel that their business will be directly affected by peace in Europe, while the other half look for undiminished activity.

It is only proper to explain that those who feel apprehensive as to the effect of peace in Europe upon American business activity are engaged, for the most part, in the metal or munition industries or in the manufacture of articles that were imported before the war. Thus, a Connecticut manufacturer of clocks says that he fears that he will not be able to compete with German-made clocks when the war is over; and those who are interested in the manufacture and production of sugar in Louisiana, Utah, and Colorado express a

reasonable apprehension of lower prices once the European supply of beet sugar is again available. Many who anticipate a slackening in the war-stimulated demand for specialties are undisturbed thereby and admit that they are gradually and successfully preparing themselves for such a contingency.

We cannot, therefore, regard the evenly balanced opinion as to the effect of peace upon American business as indicative of a lack of confidence in the country's ability to readjust itself promptly to the conditions which shall develop with the ending of the war.

The answers to Question 2, in regard to the effect of higher prices upon the consumption of goods, are most reassuring. Nearly every one agrees that the purchasing power of the country has been greatly increased, that people are able to buy more and better goods, and there is but little, if any, complaint as to the effect of high prices upon consumption. In fact, one New England manufacturer goes so far as to say that instead of buying a poorer quality of goods at the same prices the demand is running constantly in the direction of better goods even at higher prices.

The answers to Question 3, with regard to the unemployment of labor, are most reassuring. The unemployment reported is, for the most part, localized either on the Pacific Coast or in the Southern States, where, as many of our correspondents state, the higher wages paid have really had the effect of diminishing the industry of the Negro.

The answers to Question 4 indicate a somewhat widespread desire for higher wages, but most of our correspondents express themselves philosophically with regard to the situation, and realize that it is entirely natural that the wage-earner should desire to share in the widespread prosperity of which he hears so much.

The response to Question 5 is a corollary of that made to Question 4, and is, if anything, more reassuring. The labor unrest is apparently confined to a few classes, including the railroad men and the workers in some highly specialized staple industries.

The unanimity of opinion with regard to the operation of the Federal Reserve Law is remarkable, and about the only dissatisfaction expressed comes from the Rocky Mountain States and the Pacific Northwest, in which sections loans running for longer periods than the Federal Reserve Law permits are

GEOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY OF REPLIES

QUESTIONS	Total	Geographical Regions									
		New England States	Middle Atlantic States	Central States	Southern States	South-western States	North-western States	Rocky Mountain States	Pacific States		
		Connecticut Maine Massachusetts New Hampshire Rhode Island Vermont	Delaware Dist. of Columbia Maryland New Jersey New York Pennsylvania	Illinois Indiana Iowa Kansas Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska Ohio	Alabama Florida Georgia Kentucky Mississippi N. Carolina S. Carolina Tennessee Virginia West Virginia	Arkansas Louisiana Oklahoma Texas	Minnesota North Dakota South Dakota Wisconsin	Arizona Colorado Idaho Montana New Mexico Utah Wyoming	California Nevada Oregon Washington		
1. Will your business be directly affected by peace in Europe?	728	70	163	175	98	65	48	31	78		
	750	51	189	233	69	45	62	30	71		
2. Is the consumption of the goods you distribute or manufacture appreciably reduced by the relatively higher prices now prevailing?	299	16	61	83	45	31	19	12	32		
	1088	99	280	306	106	70	81	43	103		
3. Is there any unemployment of labor in your section?	225	11	30	38	42	27	9	13	55		
	1332	117	346	388	136	77	108	49	101		
4. Is labor in your neighborhood contented with the wages that are now being paid?	887	51	146	236	138	82	73	47	114		
	598	73	205	167	35	21	43	16	38		
5. If to the former question you answer "No," do you think there is any serious probability of important strikes during the coming summer?	309	35	118	102	9	4	16	7	18		
	900	68	183	240	120	82	71	40	96		
6. Are the business men with whom you come in contact satisfied with the operation of the Federal Reserve Law?	1244	102	271	348	143	102	104	51	123		
	157	12	43	50	17	7	5	3	20		
7. Do the business men with whom you come in contact feel that there is any inflation of currency or credit in this country?	307	37	87	87	34	13	16	14	19		
	1149	84	246	314	134	102	91	47	131		
8. Are the people in your section constructively active? That is, are they building new houses, enlarging their plants or making permanent improvements that bespeak their confidence	1228	105	298	357	129	80	105	55	99		
	301	20	70	68	45	32	12	7	47		

required to satisfy the financial needs of most of the population. Doubtless the Federal Reserve Law will pass into history as the most beneficent piece of economic legislation that has ever been enacted in this country.

The response to Question 7 negatives much of the newspaper talk with regard to the inflation of currency and credit in the United States. If there is any inflation, but few business men are conscious of it, and it is, we think, reasonable to assume that until there is an inflation of which people are conscious there will be no attempt at contraction.

The answers to Question 8, in regard to the constructive activity of the country, reveal the basis upon which the present prosperity rests. Constructive activity means the creation of productive wealth, and it is encouragingly significant that about eighty per cent of our replies indicate that the people are building new houses, enlarging their plants, and making permanent improvements that bespeak their confidence in the future.

The answers to Question 9 report an almost unanimous willingness that the tariff question shall be taken out of politics by the creation of a tariff commission. In view of the fact that a very large proportion of our replies come from manufacturers and States which on account of their industrial activities are generally reckoned as "protectionist," this unanimity of opinion may be said to mark something of a revolution in American political feeling with regard to the tariff. We commend it to the special attention of the platform committees of both the Democratic and Republican parties, and are delighted to feel that we are nearing the time when the political energies of each successive Congress may be employed more profitably than in the revision of tariff schedules. One correspondent qualifies his acceptance of the tariff commission plan with the proviso that it shall be made operative "before the end of time." With this we are in hearty agreement.

The answers to Question 10, in regard to the market for real estate, drive another rivet in the structure of prosperity that is visualized by this investigation. If the Rural Credit Bill which the Senate has already passed shall become a law, the effect will probably be to increase greatly the availability of farm lands as a basis for loans, thus stabilizing their value; and a prosperity that is buttressed by higher wages, increased consumption, and stable values for land would seem to be, for a time at least, immune from any serious reaction.

We regard the answers to Question 11, in regard to the abatement of the antagonism toward the railroads, as providing what is, in a financial sense, the most important information in our report. That over ninety per cent of our correspondents should report that the disposition to harass the railroads is vanishing, is extremely encouraging. The railroads of the United States employ more labor and disburse a larger sum in wages than any other single industry. Their purchases constitute a very large proportion of our total commerce; and if their development in the future shall be unrestricted by the unwise legislation and regulation of which they have hitherto been the victims, it will be well for the future prosperity of the country.

The negative answers to Question 12, with regard to a possible advance of five per cent in railway freight rates, are, for the most part, qualified by statements of which the following from a Southern correspondent is typical: "We have already accepted one advance of five per cent in railway rates without complaint, and would not be willing to submit to a further advance unless it is equitably distributed throughout the entire country."

The answers to Question 13, in regard to the saving and extravagance, are also qualified. Most of our correspondents admit that the savings banks, insurance companies, and other repositories of thrift show increased resources which bespeak a reasonable provision for the future. One informant says that he "sees no increase in extravagance except in the matter of automobiles." His allusion to the automobile expenditure of the Nation is the only comment made upon it, from which we infer that there is a noteworthy change in the attitude of thinking men toward the American investment in this form of transportation.

The answers to Questions 14, 15, and 16, which deal with preparedness, the sense of civic responsibility, American Nationalism, and the protection of American citizens resident or having property interests outside of the United States, will, we think, be a surprise to the pacifists. If they could read the remarks and letters with which our replies to these questions have been accompanied, they would abandon the theory that the United States has become a spineless Nation. There is naturally a widespread disagreement as to the degree of preparedness to which we

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admit ourselves. Some of our correspondents in the rural communities say that the feeling in favor of preparedness is based by the fear that it is inspired by the Wall Street hope of large profits," but a willingness is generally expressed to support Congress and the Administration in any reasonable measure that shall be adopted for the defense of the Nation, and it is apparent that the war in Europe has quickened the spirit of Nationalism and increased the individual consciousness of civic responsibility throughout the country.

In regard to the protection to be afforded by our Government to American citizens resident or having property interests outside the United States, there is a somewhat wide divergence of opinion. One correspondent, in regard to whose Americanism there can be no doubt, writes that "we ought to protect our trade in foreign countries, but there is no reason why we should follow and protect the people who leave the United States to live and invest in foreign lands." He adds: "I believe that this country is good enough for any one and its guardianship should not follow expatriates. They should know what they are doing and assume the consequences."

Not a few feel that the Nation should avoid taking a position that would plunge 100,000,000 people into war for the protection of those who take unnecessary risks in belligerent countries or on belligerent vessels. For the most part, however, our replies indicate that the people of this country are jealous of the honor of our flag and the rights of our Nation and entirely willing to support any measures that may be necessary for their protection.

Upon the question of military intervention in Mexico there is a great division of opinion, and the correspondence that we have received provides a symposium that would greatly interest many Congressmen. A Baltimore friend says that "weeping prevents a reply to this question," meaning presumably that he is ashamed of the policy which the Government has thus far pursued. Another correspondent writes us that, "while the young men of the country may be in favor of Mexican intervention, the older people, who know the horrors of war, will continue to oppose it to the end."

We are somewhat surprised by the number of answers that advocate the solution of the Mexican problem by the purchase of the northern half of Mexico, and there are a

good many who seem to favor the forcible annexation of sufficient Mexican territory to indemnify us for the damages inflicted upon American life and property in that Republic. The division of public opinion in regard to the Mexican problem seems to be greater than that disclosed in regard to any other question submitted. It is evident that the issue is one in regard to which there is not as yet any great unanimity of feeling.

Speaking generally, we may say that a careful examination of the replies received leads us to feel great satisfaction in the economic condition of the country and increased confidence in the political common sense of the people. If we were mapping American prosperity, we should paint New England, Pennsylvania, and Michigan in the most roseate colors. In fact, one correspondent in Detroit says that "the boom is dangerous." The Pacific States of the Northwest and northern California are the only sections in which the use of even a light shade of blue would be justifiable.

In the southern portion of California the absence of war-induced prosperity has been to some extent offset by the winter influx of tourists from the East and the demand for the petroleum production of that locality. The clouds have almost disappeared from the Cotton States as a result of the higher price of cotton and cotton seed and the increase in cattle production.

In the Middle West the remunerative figures obtained for the grain crops for the past two years have made the people contented and happy, although there is some complaint that the high ocean freight rates are interfering with the export movement.

Dealing with what we may describe as the politico-economic situation disclosed by our report, it may be said that there is evidenced a much keener appreciation of the essential relation between good government and good times, and, while there is but little disposition to disparage the constructive achievements of the present Administration, there is a widespread dissatisfaction with the selfish political individualism of the present Congress and a disposition to hold the one that shall succeed it to a rigid accountability.

Our confidence in the permanent prosperity of the country and our optimism in regard to the benefits and sanity of representative government have been increased and to some extent rehabilitated by this investigation.

BY THE WAY

"You are complaining in America of thirty-cent gasoline," writes a British friend, "but that means to you thirty cents a gallon; what would you say if it meant, as it does to us at this moment, thirty cents a quart! When gasoline went up to \$1.25 a gallon, I put up the car and got out my old reliable bicycle!"

A book called "The Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered" says that if a cigarette smoker wishes to give up the practice he should carry a box of crystallized ginger in his pocket. A nip of this aromatic confection will, it is claimed, ward off any tendency to look wistfully upon the enemy. Another help recommended consists of an oyster on the half shell, sprinkled plentifully with salt and paprika. When this is swallowed, the "bite," it is asserted, will remove the craving for the cigarette.

The American farmer, a correspondent writes, apropos of the hired man problem, too often seems to believe that the eight-hour day means eight hours in the forenoon and eight in the afternoon. But, he asserts, there is no need for the hired man to accept this definition; at present he can demand employment on his own terms. If he puts up with poor accommodations and long hours, it is his own fault. Let him demand a real eight-hour day and he will get it; the farmer needs labor so badly that he will give his hired man anything in reason.

In the time of Shakespeare, we learn from "A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants," theaters were often used for bear-baiting as well as for the presentation of plays, and in some cases were equipped with a stage which could be removed when the bear-baiting was to occur. The contemporary attitude toward this diversion is seen in this quotation: "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies' approach." It is comforting to reflect in these days of international bloodshed that the killing of animals at least, as a form of public amusement, has greatly diminished and in most countries has disappeared.

The former pupil, a girl of twelve, was "reminiscing" about her old school to her sometime teacher, at whose house she was making a call. "You and Miss — are the only teachers in that school that I remember," she said. "Ah! and what do you remember about Miss —?" "I remember her because she was a bit of a crank," was the naïve reply. Too often, it is to be feared, this is the unspoken tribute of childhood to its scholastic mentors.

A "chuck hole" club, says the "Rural New Yorker," has been organized in South Dakota to help improve the roads. A "chuck hole" is defined as a depression in a road; the idea probably being that it is a hole that "chucks" out the unlucky driver whose vehicle gets into

it. The South Dakota club turns out with a pickaxe and shovel and fills in these dangerous places whenever it is notified of their existence.

A prize of \$250 is offered by a Chicago paper for the best film play illustrating the advantages of the Single Tax. It would seem that the genius who can get inspiration for a thriller for the movies out of a didactic subject like taxation is entitled to even a large reward.

Among "headlines that will never be printed" "Life" includes these: "Opera Tenor Objects to Curtain Calls;" "Non-Speeding Device Makes New 'Crawlo' Car a Great Favorite;" "Railroads Will Lower Rate of Travel;" "Kaiser States that He Brought About the World War;" "Campaign Orator Refuses to Deal in Personalities;" "Stolen Umbrella Replaced by Better One."

The demand for platinum for war purposes, according to "American Photography," has caused the British Government to forbid its use in photography. Even in America the use of platinum paper, which admittedly gives the most beautiful effects of any photographic medium, has been restricted on account of its high cost.

A submarine commander, the "Popular Science Monthly" says, has but one means of judging the speed of the vessel to be attacked—by noting the size of the bow-wave thrown up by the intended victim. The correctness of the estimate means either a hit or a miss. To deceive the submarine in this matter British ship-owners have devised the clever ruse of painting a huge bow-wave on the sides of a ship, rendering it extremely difficult for the underwater craft to judge the speed accurately.

Among the humorous scissorings of the week are these: The time-table of a Sea Gate steamboat line shows a boat leaving at 3:30 P.M. 'On Saturdays, however, it says, "the boat leaving at 3:30 P.M. will not run." "Will it walk, swim, sink, or fly?" asks an inquisitive commuter. From across the Atlantic comes this: A much-loved Irish physician was calling on a peasant patient. The grateful woman, wishing to pay him a fine compliment, said, enthusiastically, "Ah, doctor, it's a rare Job's comforter ye are!"

A steamship line is proposed between New York City and Vigo, Spain. This route is said to be 1,000 miles shorter than the English route, and fast steamers might make the voyage in five days. Vigo is in almost the same latitude as New York, and, besides, has the advantage of being in neutral territory.

For complete antithesis of object wanted and treasure offered can any one beat this "exchange" advertisement from a New York City newspaper:

Wanted.—Well-known poet will exchange manuscript of unpublished volume of verse for use of sparsely furnished cottage for summer. Answer Poet, Box —, etc.